



Together®

FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / MARCH 1966

Joseph Mathews of
the Ecumenical Institute:
A Radical for Renewal
Within the Church
[see page 47]

Also in this issue:

Why I Left the Ministry / A Critique of the 'New Morality' / Are You a Guilty Parent?



Larger than life, the great staring orb of a screech owl penetrates the night.

POP/ART... *in Nature!*

*Rainbow fires, intricate geometry, jewel-like splendor,
and fragile delicacy are easily discovered in the natural world
—if only we have eyes to see beauty in the commonplace.*



A nectar-sipping beauty flits among tiger lilies.



Frost forms other-world scenery on a windowpane.

ALL OF US marvel at the height of a giant sequoia, at the snowy majesty of a peak, at the limitless universe strewn with stars. We are less likely to take notice of another world just as sparkling with beauty and wonder—the world of ant and bee, owl and butterfly, dewdrop and frost crystal. To discover the intricate, colorful patterns of the commonplace calls for a closer look at an everyday world abounding with color.

One who specializes in bringing the commonplace into sharper focus is Lynwood M. Chace, a nature photographer of New Bedford, Mass., who looks for such things through the lens of his camera. His pic-

tures on these pages point up Mr. Chace's belief that "since God is the creator of all living creatures and of all beauty, religion and all things that are beautiful in nature go hand in hand." Without life's vivid colors, he adds, the world would be drab, indeed.

Whether one looks into the eye of an owl with a camera, or peers through a telescope at the stardust of a distant galaxy, he senses sooner or later that all things—infinite and small—are related one to the other. Here and everywhere are pictures for artists to paint and for poets to describe—as one did when he wrote that we may not stir a single flower on earth without troubling a star. —H. B. TEETER

A tree frog's protective coloring blends with bark...



...but a damselfly contrasts with cardinal blossoms.



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God? It is enough, I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

Together®

For Methodist Families / March 1966



Max Ehrmann

After-Hour Jottings . . . Seldom has TOGETHER had such overwhelming reader response and comment as that brought on by our **January cover**—a New Year's message that began, "Go placidly amid the noise & haste . . ." and was packed with sound advice for living.

We clipped it a year ago from the back pages of a science-fiction magazine, thinking it one of the finest things we had ever read. It was identified as "Found in Old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore, dated 1692." We gave it this credit on our January cover.

Subsequently, many have written to identify the work as *Desiderata* (meaning things wanted and needed) by the late **Max Ehrmann**, poet and author of *Terre Haute*, Ind. Some informed us that the late **Adlai Stevenson** intended to use it for his 1965 Christmas card message. Mr. Stevenson's source—which possibly was the same as ours—also credited the origin to the old church in Baltimore. But further investigation by the Stevenson

(Continued on page 4)

IN THIS ISSUE

- 1 **Pop/Art . . . in Nature!** *Color Pictorial*
- 12 **Where Does Charity Begin?** *By Robert L. Gildea*
- 15 **Race Prejudice—Northern Style**
- 16 **Why I Left the Ministry** *By J. Robert Ewhank*
- 19 **How Baby Got a Sister** *By Barbara Spruce*
- 21 **'They've Forgotten How Good They Are'**
By Craig A. Palmer
- 22 **Unusual Methodists**
- 24 **The New Morality: A Christian Critique**
By Harvey Seifert
- 27 **We Were Never Alone** *By Jane Doe*
- 29 **Mother's Day Out** *Pictorial*
- 32 **'Muskeg Annie'—Guardian Angel of Koochiching County** *By Agnes Harrigan Mueller*
- 34 **The Year of the Heart** *By Beulah Fenderson Smith*
- 35 **' . . . and the Desert Shall Blossom . . . as the Rose'**
Color Pictorial
- 39 **Are You a Guilty Parent?** *By Julius Segal*
- 42 **Laboratory for Tomorrow's Church**
By Newman Cryer
- 47 **Joseph Mathews on Church Renewal**
- 53 **It's Later Than You Think** *By Carol M. Doig*
- 54 **The Mystery of Faith** *By Richard P. Mathison*
- 59 **Via Dolorosa** *By Robert B. Taft*
- 63 **He's Not the Retiring Kind** *By Ruth Smith Baron*
- 71 **Ambassadors in Uniform** *Color Pictorial*
- 72 **The Meaning of Life** *Color Pictorial*

FEATURES / DEPARTMENTS

Page 4 *Illustration Credits* / 5 *Church in Action* / 10 *TV This Month* / 51 *Teens Together* / 52 *Your Faith and Your Church* / 56 *Looks at New Books* / 61 *Browsing in Fiction* / 64 *Small Fry* / 66 *Letters*.

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Memorial Fund staff also ran across the connection with Max Ehrmann, who published it under his name in 1927.

Meanwhile, soon after TOGETHER's January issue reached subscribers, Reader's Digest also published a portion of *Desiderata*. Previously, its appearance in the science-fiction magazine had created such a demand for reprints that Ian Robertson of the graphic arts department, Colby College, Waterville, Maine, prepared several hundred copies suitable for framing, selling them virtually at cost.

When letters of inquiry started coming, we talked to the science-fiction magazine editor, to Mr. Robertson, to the Adlai Stevenson Memorial Fund staff in Chicago, and put in a call to the rector of Old Saint Paul's Anglican (now Episcopal) Church in Baltimore.

"Yes," said the Rev. Halsey Cook, "we, too, have received many inquiries about *Desiderata*, but have been unable to prove it originated here. I have checked many other sources, including the Baltimore Historical Society. Some tell me this prose poem was found on a plaque in one of our former churches—there have been six church buildings, you know, since Old Saint Paul's was founded in the mid-1600s."

Mr. Robertson told us he obtained *Desiderata* from his father-in-law, John W. Campbell, editor of the science-fiction magazine *Analog*. He said Mr. Campbell received his copy—credited to Old Saint Paul's—from a reader of *Analog*, but that Mr. Campbell had been unable to recall the reader's name. Mr. Robertson, who specializes in graphic arts, set the text in antique type and gave a copy to Mr. Campbell who later reproduced it in *Analog*. Both have received many inquiries regarding the little masterpiece.

One of our first letters came from reader George Ehrman, who said: "I have been mailing out some of Max Ehrmann's poems titled *Desiderata* this Christmas and had purchased them at a bookstore at DePauw University." The poet, Mr. Ehrman reported, had graduated from this Methodist school in Greencastle, Ind., back in 1894. Mr. Ehrman also said that he is a writer, spells his name with only one n, and does not know whether he is related to Max Ehrmann.

He recalled that his sister, Mrs. Alta Alter of Clark's Hill, Ind., had a copy of *Desiderata* autographed by Max Ehrmann many years ago.

The *DePauw Alumnus* magazine of November, 1965, we discovered, had carried an article by Eleanor Cammack, DePauw archivist, under the heading: "Poetry of Max Ehrmann Gains New Attention." From it we learned that the DePauw Archives has a collection of some 600 Ehrmann items, including *Desiderata*, presented to the school in 1954 by the poet's widow.

Later when we talked to Miss Cammack, she said she is unable to explain how Old Saint Paul's Church came into the picture, but read to us another of Ehrmann's poems titled *A Prayer*, which shows much of the style, poetic mastery, and imagery of *Desiderata*.

Miss Cammack, who also provided the photograph of Mr. Ehrmann, told us he was born at Terre Haute in 1872, and attended a German Methodist church as a child.

Miss Cammack referred us to Richmond G. Wight of Brookline, Mass., a nephew of Max Ehrmann, who said that to his knowledge the poet had never been in Baltimore. He added that he had never heard of *Desiderata* being associated in any way with Old Saint Paul's. Mr. Wight said he hopes to be of more assistance to us after reviewing a number of papers left to him from the Ehrmann estate.

At deadline, the letters keep coming. Many want enlarged copies for framing . . . one businessman wants an elaborate reproduction for his new office . . . a teacher wants permission to mimeograph more than a hundred for her students . . . a pastor wants 100 extra copies . . . a reader points out that he saw *Desiderata* recently in a college yearbook. And tomorrow will come letters from still others seeking more information.

The mystery, if not the confusion, deepens. A great many newspapers, it would seem, used the poem during the 1965-66 holiday season. Some credited it to Max Ehrmann, others to "a 1692 document discovered in Old Saint Paul's Church in Baltimore." One listed the author as unknown.

Louis Cassels, religion news editor of United Press International, noted that "it is not clear whether Ehrmann was passing along a literary treasure he had discovered in St. Paul's Church or whether he composed the lines himself . . . in any case, it is to Max Ehrmann that we are indebted, either as author or preserver of *Desiderata*."

That our January cover has a definite connection with Max Ehrmann is certain, as is the genius of a man who deserves to be remembered. But one aspect of the mystery remains unsolved for the present:

Hov, in the first place, did *Desiderata* become associated with Old Saint Paul's? Did a former rector use it in a sermon, or in a church bulletin? Was Max Ehrmann's name left off?

Someone, somewhere, may know the answer. Perhaps one of our readers will provide the missing link. Until then, we're still searching—and listening.

While there's room, we can mention that we are certain of the identification on this month's cover. The man is Joseph W. Mathews, and you can read all about him and his remarkable work at Chicago's Ecumenical Institute on pages 42 to 50.

—YOUR EDITORS

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

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The Church in Action

Coffeehouse Ministries: They Try to Reach The Church-Shy



"Suppose they'll stay when I start the sermon?"

CHURCH-RELATED coffeehouses have become a popular technique for reaching the indifferent and the hostile. Since the first few were opened six years ago, the total has grown to over 100 and, according to the author of a National Council of Churches study, no end is in sight.

One of many new, experimental forms of ministry, coffeehouses are severely criticized by some and vehemently defended by others. They are a fact of today's church life, yet many churchgoers do not know it, and others do not know what to make of it.

What, Where, Why: Coffeehouses are difficult to explain because they are started for differing reasons, and they often are run as the spirit leads them. Conversation, entertainment, and sometimes recreation, in varying combinations, make up their programs. Two types that seem to predominate are:

- *The coffeehouse near the college campus*, sponsored by one or more local churches or student religious groups. The objective may be as basic as providing an informal place, other than a bar, where students can meet.
- *The inner-city coffeehouse*, where lonely people are invited to gather. These often are aimed at single, young adults who have come to work in the city but who have no roots there.

Walk into one some evening, and you may land in the middle of a debate, a folk-singing session, or a chess game. The activities are limited only by the bounds of talent and imagination.

Basic funds to get a coffeehouse going are provided by the sponsoring group, which then holds its breath and hopes that modestly priced refreshments will keep the budget in the black. Often, however, regular or periodic transfusions of funds from the sponsor are needed to keep the doors open.

Few of the coffeehouses have an openly "religious" atmosphere. In some the staff, composed of laymen and perhaps a paid director or volunteer pastor-director, meet for study and worship before the coffeehouse opens for business each evening. The patrons may be prayed for without their knowing it. But there is little overt evangelism, and few of the workers would claim to be trying for a quick increase in church membership. Instead, they want to share ideas with the church-shy and "try to find out what's bugging them."

Because they seek those who are not ordinarily drawn to buildings labeled as churches, many coffeehouse innovators have chosen neutral sites, such as vacant stores or houses. Others, starting with the slimmest of funds, use church basements.

A Prototype: Among the first church-related coffeehouses, and the one that is most often cited as the best planned and operated, is the Potter's House of the nondenominational Church of the Saviour in Washington, D.C. Only one facet in the life of a small but vital and highly disciplined congregation, the Potter's House first glimmered in the mind of Pastor Gordon Cosby as he contrasted the coldness of a church where he had been asked to speak with the camaraderie at a commercial coffeehouse he visited afterward. "Christ would have been more at home in the coffeehouse," he decided.

Back home he shared his thoughts with his congregation, and after two years of planning, prayer, hard work, and sacrifice, the Potter's House opened in April, 1960. Elizabeth O'Connor, a member of the Church of the Saviour, explains it this way in her book *Call to Commitment* (Harper & Row, \$3.50):

"Through the Potter's House we would say to the milling thousands of a great city, 'We will serve you,

we will be with you in the way in which you naturally gather . . . we will love you, we will pray for you and, if by chance you ask the reason for the hope that is in us, we will talk to you, but the talking will come at that end of the scale.”

The Potter's House, a vast leap in faith when it was started, has been successful. It makes use of conversation tables for those who want to thrash out ideas. Its staff studies and prays regularly, and it has become a showplace for provocative art work.

Sign or Snare? Many other church-related coffeehouses are not nearly as sure of their mission, nor as financially secure. The Rev. John D. Perry, Jr., who studied noncommercial coffeehouses last summer for the National Council of Churches, believes that the business side of the enterprise too often is given priority over the spiritual training of the workers. This is particularly true when the coffeehouse is located outside the church property and when willing but untrained amateurs find themselves mired in a tangle of zoning codes, licensing requirements, and restaurant operations.

Yet, he sees a hopeful side. Writing in *motive* magazine last year, he said, “The coffeehouse building is itself a concrete sign of concern for the nameless faces of the metropolis and the masses of students on campus.”

The Rev. Malcolm Boyd, Episcopal chaplain-at-large to college students, has a more negative assessment:

“In many church-operated coffeehouses, one ends up playing church by candlelight; the same people talk, as usual, to the same people; a terribly sincere, but abortive, effort is made to convince everyone that the church is somehow relating to ‘the world’—way out there.”

At the opposite extreme, other coffeehouses have been criticized on the ground that, though they provide a pleasant place for people to spend idle hours, conversation never does get to the heart of men's concerns.

Professor Gabriel Fackre of Lancaster Theological Seminary, who helped start a coffeehouse in downtown Lancaster, Pa., has concluded that neither the “incognito evangelism” of the coffeehouses nor the “lapel evangelism” represented by the “Are you saved, brother?” approach, is adequate.

The trouble with the first, he believes, is that the church does all the listening, while in the second, it does all the talking. Proponents insist, however, that in the coffeehouse the church *can* do both.

No End in Sight: Despite the headaches, heartaches, and plain hard work that accompany such ministries, they

continue to mushroom, often under ecumenical sponsorship, and many Methodists are involved. The coffeehouses come in all sizes: In Emmetsburg, Iowa, Methodists used \$50 of a Lenten offering to help start a coffeehouse for young adults. In St. Louis, Methodists have an active part in The Exit, an elaborate coffeehouse run by a nonprofit corporation that includes Roman Catholics, Quakers, and many others. It has become an attraction in Gaslight Square, center of the city's night life.

Dr. Edward Stevens, a Methodist minister who is on The Exit's board of directors, is among those who take the coffeehouse ministry seriously.

To many of those on the outside, he says, the church seems to be “a gathering of like-minded people speaking only to themselves and unwilling or unable to communicate God's love to someone who is different, strange, wierd, kooky, or sick.”

He sees The Exit as “an attempt to reach through our cultural imprisonment and touch and be touched by those who, like us, sorely need to hear the Gospel in new ways that make sense no matter where or how you exist.”

One of the intriguing aspects of the coffeehouses are their names. They range from the symbolic (The Fish, The Catacombs) through the inquiring (Encounter, The Dialogue) to the hopeful (The Lighthouse).

Others worth mentioning: The Last Resort in Morgantown, W.Va.; The Church Key at Yosemite National Park, and the Hungry I-Thou at the University of Illinois.

No Miracles: If there can be a conclusion to an interim analysis, it is that church-related coffeehouses will not work everywhere—but that, at their best, they have provided a valuable meeting ground, both for seekers who are Christians and those who are church shy. They represent one hopeful experiment in meeting the very real problems of alienation and lack of contact that haunt our mobile and lonely world. □

Racial Progress in South

Methodist leaders of the Southeastern and Central Jurisdictions will huddle February 25 in Atlanta, Ga., to press toward a racially inclusive denomination in the deep South.

Following their first-ever joint meeting last December, advisory councils of the overlapping racial and geographic jurisdictions will review the draft of a resolution aimed at transferring eight Negro annual conferences from the Central to the Southeastern Jurisdiction, and eliminating segregated conferences as soon as possible. Hope-

fully, the forthcoming proposal would be voted on by all annual conferences concerned in their 1966 sessions.

The December meeting was highlighted by reports of racial progress at various church levels in nine southern states. Prepared jointly by members of both advisory councils, the state-by-state reports told of biracial conference and district meetings, removal of racial restrictions at most colleges and other institutions, and local participation in integrated revivals, rallies, workshops, and similar activities for men, women, and youth. Particular emphasis was placed on successful interracial training programs for church leaders.

Representatives of both races viewed the reports as heartening, but cautioned against the complacent attitude of “having arrived.”

Dr. John H. Graham of Philadelphia, chairman of the Central Jurisdiction council, urged that the two units launch co-operative work in urban evangelism, in diversified ministries to aid small churches, in Christian-education pilot programs, and in basic social research. Dr. R. Laurence Dill, Jr., Anniston, Ala., chairman of the Southeastern council, called for complete honesty and improved communication in working for desegregation. He said he could “understand why other sections have felt we [Southeastern leaders] were delaying, but we have had to avoid leaving our people behind.”

Rule on Race Questions

Affirming that the church cannot be effective if it sponsors or permits contradictory policies on race, the Methodist Judicial Council has handed down three related decisions aimed at speeding the elimination of Methodism's Central Jurisdiction, which embraces about 250,000 Negro members in 14 southeastern and south central states.

Meeting in Pittsburgh, Pa., with Attorney Paul R. Ervin of Charlotte, N.C., presiding, the nine-man supreme court ruled:

1. General Conference has the power to legislate for the entire denomination on racial inclusiveness since this is a “connectional” or churchwide matter. This power is subject, however, to constitutional limitations which give jurisdictional conferences authority to set boundaries of annual conferences.

2. The all-Negro Central West Conference and the all-white Missouri East and Missouri West Conferences may proceed with merger plans which all three conferences approved last June. The judicial body ruled that this desegregating merger was part of a transfer package under which Central



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West changed jurisdictions, and that confirmation by the South Central Jurisdictional Conference, which does not meet until 1968, is not required.

The 5-to-4 opinion held further that Methodism's goal of abolishing Central as its only racial jurisdiction was meant "to achieve a racially inclusive fellowship at all levels of the church's life"—not merely to disperse the Negro conferences into geographic jurisdictions and perpetuate their segregated status.

3. Negro and white conferences in the Southeast also can merge without jurisdictional conference approval, if the merger is "made a condition of a prior transfer" from Central to Southeastern Jurisdiction, and if approval is granted by two thirds of annual conference members of the two jurisdictions. Merger of conferences would not have to occur simultaneously with transfer. This 8-to-1 ruling upheld the constitutionality of a 1964 proposal that Negro conferences be invited to transfer into the Southeastern Jurisdiction on the condition that boundaries would remain intact until the jurisdictional conference elected to change them.

The judicial council sat as a full body with the attendance of Theodore M. Berry, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who, only 24 hours earlier, had left a hospital following two major operations. Participating as the newest council member was Dr. J. Henry Chitwood of Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Transfer Carried Out

In accordance with a ruling of the Methodist Judicial Council [see No. 2 in preceding article], the Central West Conference was transferred in January from the Central Jurisdiction to the South Central Jurisdiction. During May and June, after a Central West dissolving conference, its 65 predominantly Negro churches, with about 10,000 members and 40 pastors, will be assigned to the Missouri East and Missouri West Annual Conferences according to their locations.

Opening sessions of the Missouri West Conference, May 31-June 3, and of the Missouri East Conference, June 13-16, will include uniting ceremonies in which Central West members will be recognized as having equal status, rights, and privileges in the united conferences—to be held at Central Methodist College, Fayette, Mo.

Announcement of the transfer was made by Bishop Noah W. Moore, Jr., Houston, Texas, and Bishop O. Eugene Slater, San Antonio, Texas, presidents, respectively, of the Central and South Central Jurisdictional Colleges of Bishops. Pending dissolution of Central West Conference, episcopal supervision was assigned to Missouri Area Bishop Eugene M. Frank.

EUB Union Materials

The full text of the proposed Plan of Union of The Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches is expected to be ready for distribution in early April.

Because of widespread interest among Methodists and EUBs, a 54-page book, *A Portion of the Plan of Union*, has been mailed to all delegates to the 1966 General Conferences and to all ministers of both denominations.

The booklet contains three complete parts of the Plan of Union: a historical statement; doctrinal and social principles, and the Constitution; and an outline of the yet-to-be published section on organization and administration.

A study book, *Our Churches Face Union*, and a filmstrip, *One Heritage! One Mission! One Church?*, were expected to be available in February.

Liberians Elect Bishop

In mid-December, 1965—132 years after the first Methodist missionary arrived in their country—Liberian Methodists organized their own Central Conference and chose one of their countrymen as bishop.

Elected bishop was the Rev. Stephen T. Nagbe, pastor of the Mount



Bishop Nagbe

Scott Methodist Church in Cape Palmas, Liberia, site of the conference. At 32, Bishop Nagbe is the youngest Methodist bishop in the world. He resides in Monrovia, capital of the west African republic, and

gives episcopal leadership to more than 19,000 Methodists in 732 churches.

Son of a fisherman-farmer, the new bishop has studied in the United States at Gammon Theological Seminary in Atlanta, Ga., and at Boston University School of Theology.

Liberian Methodists were among Methodist bodies in five countries given permission to become autonomous by the 1964 General Conference. Instead, they voted to form a Central Conference—one of nine in overseas Methodism. President of the conference and "dean of the laity" is William V. S. Tubman, president of the thriving Liberian Republic since 1944.

Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., of the New Jersey Area and former bishop of Liberia, was one of four episcopal leaders who officiated at Bishop Nagbe's consecration. Bishop Taylor called the event a milestone in church history and noted that Methodist work

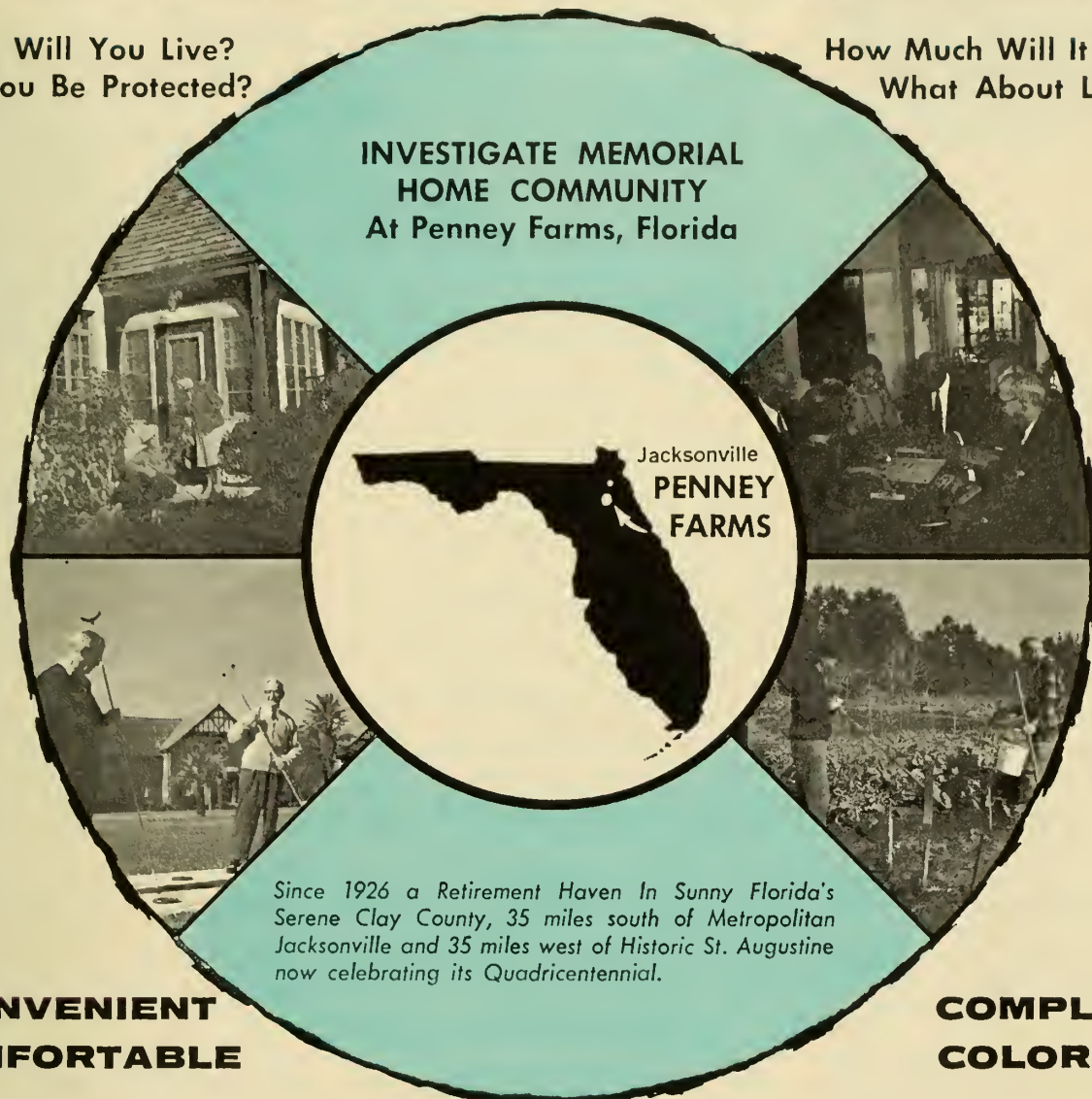
WHEN WE RETIRE...WHAT...WHERE...?

These Vital Questions Face Virtually Every Christian Minister and Church Worker

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(Year)



this month

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER
Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

IN MOST things, you can make choices. But television programs are pretty much alike. Granted, occasional specials give relief. But many evenings you have to take what you get because you cannot flip to another channel to get what you really would like. TV is like a giant conveyor belt, and only occasionally are there breaks in the monotony. As my mother often says, "The time for tarts is when they're being passed."

The suggestions at the end of this column are made to help you plan ahead. Sometimes, however, programs of special merit are announced too late to be listed here. But all is not lost if you regularly read the TV column in your newspaper or a magazine like *TV Guide*.

Recently, Arnold Toynbee wrote in that magazine: "When human beings are given leisure, they misuse it unless and until they have educated themselves . . ."

The Christian term for such education is stewardship. If you are like me, you are not always in the mood for certain programs. The problem is in *never* being in the mood. For, as Toynbee also said, "The mispending of leisure, even on comparatively innocent frivolities, will lead to social, cultural, and moral regression if it continues unchecked." The lesson for Christians is evident.

The technology which brought us television hopefully will, in another five years, deliver us from this lack of variety in programming. By that time, with the maturing of UHF, the number of channels will have doubled and 90 percent of us will have sets to receive these new stations. Like radio, these new outlets will plan their programs for selective audiences rather than for the largest possible mass. Community antenna systems that can carry a huge variety of programs will augment this trend.

And that's not all. Satellites now make it theoretically possible for network programs to be received direct from New York without being relayed through a local station.

What this means is not yet clear, but indications are that there will be more networks and far greater variety of programs available. This, coupled with home video tape recorders, will greatly expand viewing possibilities. Imagine what it will be like to record a good program for viewing at a more convenient time, or creating your own library of commercial films on tape.

Until these bright hopes become realities, specials may help enliven the humdrum of your leisure viewing time. Noteworthy this month:

February 18, 8:30-9:30 p.m., EST, on CBS—*An Evening With Carol Channing* or *How to Watch TV Without Being Plugged In*.

February 20, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*The Daughters of Orange*, the story of the Dutch royal family.

February 20, 8-9 p.m., EST, on ABC—another *This Proud Land* special: *Way Out West*.

February 23, 7:30-9 p.m., EST, on CBS—Rebroadcast of *Cinderella*, only original musical ever written for TV by Rogers and Hammerstein.

February 23, 9-10 p.m., EST, on NBC—*Michelangelo: The Last Giant*, part II, tracing his life from the Sistine Chapel period to his death.

February 27, 10-11 a.m., EST, on CBS—*The Spiritual Dimensions of Poverty*, a tri-faith special on *Look Up and Live*.

February 28, 10-11 p.m., EST, on NBC—*How Quick Is Your Eye?* a special which tests your accuracy in observing and perceiving situations.

March 6, 6:30-7:30 p.m., EST, on NBC—*Stuart Little*, a special story for children, four to seven years, about a mouse born into a New York City family with everything viewed from mouse-eye level. Parents will enjoy this, too.

Each Sunday through April 24, 1:30-2 p.m., EST, on NBC—A series on the *Frontier of Faith* program entitled *Christian Ethics in Today's World*, featuring leading Protestant thinkers. □

begun in Liberia in 1833 was the first Methodist mission overseas. "Perhaps it will be here," he said, "that a new era in church history throughout the world will be ushered in."

Launch Slum Project

One way to rout evils that breed in slums is to eliminate slums.

But rather than striving to get slum landlords to co-operate in renovation, a new interfaith-civic group in Washington, D.C., will itself buy and rehabilitate buildings, then rent them on a nonprofit basis.

Sponsors of the new Community Organizations for the Improvement of Neighborhoods, Inc. (COIN), include the Greater Washington Council of Churches, Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Men, American Jewish Committee, and civic groups.

President is the Rev. A. Dudley Ward, secretary of the city's Council of Churches and general secretary of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns.

In addition to anticipated lower rentals, says the group, extensive social services will be provided on the premises, including child care, adult education, and family and job counseling.

The interfaith participants' attempt to involve their churches wherever people live is one reply to recent findings in a city survey made by the Greater Washington Council of Churches.

Fewer than 5 out of every 100 newly arrived apartment dwellers ever become involved in a church, the survey showed, and the majority of churches seem little concerned.

Spokesman for the council, the Rev. Charles A. Ellett, said the churches must develop "ecumaniacs"—field workers who will represent the total church community, and use a "soft sell" approach to evangelism.

To Hear Vice-President

Barring unforeseen conflicts in his schedule, Vice-President Hubert Humphrey will address the Fifth National Conference on Family Life of The Methodist Church, set for the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago, October 14-16, 1966.

Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall, Chicago author and lecturer on family life, will deliver the keynote address. A special program feature will be a new play written expressly for the conference by the Rev. Don A. Mueller of Oakland, Calif. He was recently appointed as the first full-time executive director of Methodist Actors Serving the Church (MASC) in the California-Nevada Conference.

An attendance of about 3,500 is expected for the family-life meeting.



The United States Senate, often called the world's most exclusive club, could organize its own "PK Club." Six senators are Methodist "preachers' kids"; a seventh grew up in a Baptist parsonage. From left: A. Willis Robertson of Virginia, the lone Baptist; B. Everett Jordon, North Carolina; George McGovern, South Dakota; Walter F. Mondale, Minnesota; James B. Pearson, Kansas; and John G. Tower, Texas. Inset: Ross Bass of Tennessee. Senators Mondale and Pearson are now Presbyterians.

Sign Rights Act Compliance

So that they may continue to qualify for federal aid, 110 of 119 eligible Methodist-related schools have signed an "assurance of compliance" with the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

So reports Dr. Ralph W. Decker, director of the Methodist Board of Education's department of educational institutions. The institutions have thus pledged there will be no discrimination based on race, color, or national origin in any program or activity for which they receive federal financial assistance.

Four schools of theology (all of which already are racially integrated), three junior colleges, and two senior colleges have not yet signed. However, two of the colleges have indicated they would sign at their next board meetings.

The other seven schools "may have

received no federal aid and may be planning to request none," explains Dr. Decker.

Alaska University Expands

Three new buildings valued at \$3.6 million were dedicated late in 1965 at Alaska Methodist University.

The new complex, which increases the number of buildings from two to five, includes a dormitory for 64 women, a married-student and faculty apartment house with 21 units, and a student union providing space for a post office, bookstore, offices, a recreation area, lounges, and a kitchen and dining area seating 500.

A major project of the National Division of the Methodist Board of Missions, AMU is the only church-related university in Alaska. Opened only five years ago, its student body numbers about 500.

New Methodist Congregations

"If Methodism is to maintain her position of leadership, she must firmly resolve to erect her share of the sanctuaries needed to serve tomorrow's people," wrote Dr. B. P. Murphy of the Methodist Board of Missions, in his book, *The Call for New Churches*.

The seven congregations below are among those formed during 1965 in answer to that call. Each is listed with charter date, organizing pastor, and membership.

Chester County, Pa.—Willistown Methodist Church, January 17. Norman Hunter; 78 members.

Thomasville, Ga.—Morningside Methodist Church, May 28. Harold Jennings, Jr. (Membership not given.)

Severna Park, Md.—Severna Park Methodist Church, September 9. Edgar W. Beckett; 100 members.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Christ Methodist Church, October 10. Robert Crum; 109 members.

Huntsville, Ala.—Valley Methodist Church, October 17. Oliver W. Clark, Jr.; 85 members.

Sitka, Alaska—First Methodist Church, October 24. John R. Tindell; 56 members.

Tallahassee, Fla.—Gray Memorial Methodist Church, November 7. Norman E. Booth; 36 members.

New Methodist congregations should be reported directly to the Rev. Charles D. Whittle, Board of Evangelism, 1908 Grand Ave., Nashville, Tenn. 37203.



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Decisions now being awaited from U.S. courts
may decide the future of church-related welfare work.

WHERE DOES *Charity* BEGIN?

THE future of the church-related welfare agency well may be at stake in a series of court cases now in litigation across the United States.

The ominous situation has emerged as the result of actions by local taxing authorities to cancel tax exemptions of privately operated homes for the aged in several states.

Focal point of the debate now going on is the legal definition of the word "charity." Some tax officials claim that most homes are not truly charitable because residents pay for their services—and in some cases pay a large admitting fee.

Attorneys for the homes contend that this definition is too narrow and overturns a longtime tradition that "charity" means more than mere almsgiving to the poor.

Courts in Florida, Iowa, Indiana, Oregon, Georgia, Montana, and Washington now are hearing arguments, and churches are apprehensive about their possible rulings.

One person, for example, feels that taxing homes for the aged soon could lead to taxation of all privately operated welfare institutions, including hospitals and children's homes. The Rev. Howard W. Washburn, consultant on services to the aging, Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, believes unfavorable rulings ultimately would drive the church out of the welfare field. The financial burden on homes for the aged, for example, would be unbearable.

According to Mr. Washburn, it is estimated that the average tax load for each Methodist home for the aged would be \$25 per resident per month. More than 21,000 persons now live in the 147 homes operated by agencies affiliated with The Methodist Church. At that rate, these homes would pay about \$5.3 million per year in local

property taxes. Many of them already operate at a deficit without such an extra tax load. Thus, the implications are quite clear.

"We are not seeking any legal gimmicks to evade taxation," says Mr. Washburn. "We believe we have a justifiable position that charity and almsgiving are not synonymous."

Church welfare leaders believe "charity" encompasses a ministry to the whole person, regardless of his financial condition. They accept, for example, the definition of a Missouri court which said the term "embraces the improvement and happiness of man . . . and may be applied to almost anything that tends to promote the well-doing and well-being of social man."

To date, only two courts—in Florida and Oregon—have handed down unfavorable rulings and both are being appealed.

Mr. Washburn also contends that "charity" is broader than "almsgiving" in a theological as well as a legal sense. The term "charity" appears no fewer than 28 times in the Bible, and in every case it is used in the sense of Christian love—or the Greek word *agape*.

Another fear expressed in church circles is that unfavorable rulings by the courts would make it more difficult for additional institutions to be built with government assistance. To qualify for loans from the Federal Housing Authority, institutions must show a healthy financial condition. With the extra burden of a tax bill, most would have difficulty meeting FHA standards.

Considering all these factors, the forthcoming court rulings are being watched with anxiety. But because church leaders feel they have a legitimate case, the rulings also are being awaited with cautious optimism.

—ROBERT L. GILDEA

Soviet Methodism Grows

Although 4,000 Estonian Methodists, the only members of the denomination in the Soviet Union, are not permitted to have church school or youth work, their number has doubled since 1940.

Bishop Odd Hagen of the Stockholm Area, who visited Estonia in September, reports that one congregation in Tallin, the capital, had 200 members in 1940 and now has 1,100.

The Tallin congregation holds five services a week, all crowded, and has five choirs and a horn orchestra.

A major problem, besides the shortage of Bibles and hymnals, is obtaining new Methodist ministers. But six young men recently decided for the ministry, despite the fact there is no seminary and training must be done by present ministers.

Journalism Fellowship Open

A \$1,000 grant for graduate journalism work during the 1966-67 academic year awaits some person engaged in Methodist information work or planning to enter the field of religious journalism.

The Ralph Stooddy Fellowship was established to recognize Dr. Stooddy's service as general secretary and director of the Methodist Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information, from its inception in 1940 until his retirement in 1964.

The Stooddy Fellowship's first recipient is Robert C. Welling, who is currently working toward his master's degree at West Virginia University in Morgantown. Chairman of the fellowship committee is Louis Spilman, president and publisher of the *News-Virginian* at Waynesboro, Va.

Application blanks may be secured by writing Methodist Information, 777 UN Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Californians Lead Giving

Something about California living must lead Methodists there to dig deep in their pockets for benevolence causes.

During the 1964-65 fiscal year, three California churches led the denomination in contributions on apportionments to World Service and conference benevolences, according to a Council on World Service and Finance report.

Three other California churches also led on a per capita basis.

First Methodist Church, Palo Alto, gave \$29,160 for World Service and conference benevolences; Santa Monica Methodist Church was second with \$27,619; and First Methodist Church, Pasadena, gave \$27,268. Methodism's largest congregation, 9,000-member Highland Park Church, Dallas, Texas, gave \$25,634.

On a per capita basis, the church which gave most (in the \$10,000 or above category) for benevolences was Trinity Methodist Church, Berkeley. Its 901 members gave \$11,040 or \$12.25 per person.

First Methodist Church, San Jose, placed second with \$11.52 per person, and Epworth Methodist Church, Berkeley, followed with \$11.21 per person.

One hundred and forty-six Methodist churches in the country reported \$10,000 or more in support of benevolence causes.

Joint Missions Recruitment

Methodist missions may benefit from a co-operative recruitment program being tried on selected college campuses. Four recruiters in a pilot project, known as Joint Action in Recruitment, are working a specific section of the country and representing several denominations during each campus visit.

Besides the Methodist Board of Missions, divisions of the Evangelical United Brethren, United Presbyterian, United Church of Christ, and American Baptist Churches are included, along with Church World Service and United Christian Missionary Society.

The joint recruitment effort is being conducted in addition to individual programs by the denominations. The staff's travel has been arranged to include campuses which otherwise would not be visited.

Intensify Appalachia Work

Methodism will concentrate more intensely on the needs of the depressed Appalachian region through its new Methodist Appalachian Commission.

Miss L. Cornelia Russell, formerly executive secretary of town and country work, Methodist Board of Missions, has been appointed co-ordinator of the

services of five major Appalachian projects of the National Division of the board. She will live in the area.

Dr. P. J. Trevethan, director of Goodwill Industries since 1948, who is retiring this year after a 40-year association with the Methodist-founded organization that aids handicapped workers, has been appointed a special consultant. He will guide experimentation in Appalachia in new forms of church-based vocations.

The five projects under Miss Russell's direction are Henderson Settlement, Frakes, Ky.; Hinton Rural Life Center, Hayesville, N.C.; Tyrand Parish, Mill Creek, W.Va.; Sue Bennett College, London, Ky.; and the Kentucky Mountain Missions.

Worry About Skipping Church

American adults worry and feel guilty about not attending church regularly, but not as much as they worry about overeating, being out of shape physically, and doing too little reading.

Nonchurchgoing ranked fourth highest on an "intensity of concern" scale in a new Harris Study. Of the persons polled, 43 percent said they "often felt bad" about not worshipping regularly; 35 percent said they "sometimes or hardly ever felt bad," and 22 percent "never felt bad."

Other subjects causing Americans to worry, listed in diminishing order:

Wasting too much time, not being considerate of parents, not being active enough in the community, spending more than can be afforded, not contributing to charity, not being considerate enough of children.

Also, being too deeply in debt, not voting, drinking too much, taking advantage of somebody to get ahead, losing more at gambling than can be afforded, padding an expense account, and being unfaithful to a spouse.

Methodists in the News

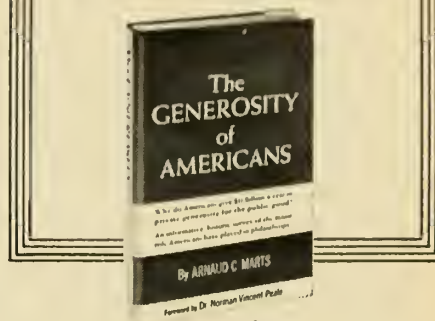
Among 25 recipients of *Sports Illustrated's* 1965 Silver Anniversary All-America awards for "exceptional accomplishment in life in the 25 years since their collegiate gridiron days": Dr. J. Robert Nelson, professor at Boston University School of Theology, outstanding scholar-athlete at DePauw University in 1941, and onetime executive with the World Council of Churches.

Dr. Irmagene Nevins Holloway is the first woman president of the American Academy of Safety Education. Dr. Holloway, whose Kansas family includes several Methodist ministers, works with the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and

Welfare, in Washington, D.C.

Deaths: Aviation and space-age pioneer Dr. Hugh L. Dryden, 67, deputy administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Agency, holder of a Methodist local preacher's license since his college days. . . . Branch Rickey, 83, baseball executive with the St. Louis Cardinals and later the Brooklyn Dodgers, where he broke the "color line" which had barred Negroes from major league play for more than a century. . . . Queen Salote of Tonga, 65, whose 47-year reign over her predominately Methodist subjects brought peace and security in a domain covering some 150 South Pacific coral and volcanic islands.

A new and exciting view of the Christian Church in Western Civilization



The GENEROSITY of AMERICANS

Arnaud C. Marts

Foreword by
Dr. Norman Vincent Peale

Forty million Americans give \$11 billion yearly to our 975,000 churches, colleges, schools, hospitals, youth, health, welfare and relief agencies, libraries, museums, and other voluntary services for the public good.

Why do they do it? Too few members of our churches know that this vast private generosity had its origin in the Judeo-Christian religion. Nor do they know that the Christian Church pioneered all the humanitarian and social and educational agencies of Western Civilization, including schools, hospitals, founding homes, universities, medical research, old age pensions, freedom of slaves, even democratic self-government.

This is the first book on record to relate in narrative form the story of the Christian Church's role in transmitting the creative dynamics of Western Civilization across twenty centuries, from Jerusalem in 30 A.D. to Europe, to the British Isles, to America.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale in the Foreword says: "This is one of those 'only one of its kind' books which comes off the press very rarely."

It is fascinating reading for Church members. For Ministers, it will provide much unusual sermon material.

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Po Yan's mother died when Po Yan and her twin sister were born. Their father didn't want the girls and so for two months all he fed them was boiled rice water.

When he finally abandoned them outside the gate of our Babies Home in Formosa, Po Yan was barely alive, suffering from acute malnutrition, too weak to even cry.

Doctors gave her no chance at all, yet stubbornly she held on. She didn't walk until she was two years old, and today, even though she is alert and healthy, you can still see a hint of sadness in her eyes. What will happen to her next, with her mother dead and a father who doesn't want her?

Only your love can help make sure *good* things happen to Po Yan—and children like her. You can be the most important person in the world to a youngster who longs to know that somewhere, someone cares.

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And when you hold your child's picture in your hand, you will realize that your gifts play a vital part in giving this youngster a decent chance to grow up.

You can join thousands of other Americans who find this to be the beginning of a warm personal friendship with a deserving child.

Won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed for children in: Korea, Formosa, India, Japan, Hong Kong and Brazil.



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Race Prejudice—Northern Style

THERE ARE indications that the glaring national spotlight on race prejudice, so long focused on the South, soon will swing to other sections of the nation. As this happens, a lot of people will be shocked to discover that the same ugly hatreds and irrational fears exist in every state—although in a greater variety of forms, some far more difficult to identify and deal with directly.

As one example, Dr. Martin Luther King has outlined a "massive campaign" to begin this month in Chicago against the "involuntary enslavement" of Negroes in Northern slums. While the campaign's basic objectives are organization and education under the mantle of nonviolent resistance, Dr. King foresees the possibility of economic boycotts, rent strikes, school boycotts, and massive direct action (demonstrations)—all for the purpose of dramatizing practices, attitudes, and exploitations that deprive Negroes of opportunities and incentives for self-improvement and advancement in our society.

This shift to a new scene for major civil-rights effort would not be taking place if dramatic changes had not come about in the South, where some of the most glaring injustices are at least exposed and on the way to being corrected. Resistance to needed change is less institutionalized, less a part of the fabric of society, than it was only three or four years ago. Discrimination is confined largely to more subtle, personal behavior. Most important, there is scarcely a man or woman in the South who doesn't recognize that race problems must be faced.

In the North, on the other hand, most of the minimum objectives for which Southern Negroes are contending—the vote, public accommodations, schools meeting minimum standards—already have been achieved. Grievances concern less obvious, more deeply entrenched patterns. It is wishful thinking to believe that changes as dramatic as those in the South are possible, at least in the short run. The battle must be waged on many fronts against an interlocking network of conditions which together conspire to keep the Negro and other minorities "in their place"—most often a ghetto.

Negroes migrating North think they are going to get a fair shake, and in some respects their opportunities are greater. But when they get down to particulars, they find that they still are deprived of equal opportunities on nearly every count. Because of this wide gap between expectation and reality, the level of frustration often is ominously higher in the North.

At the root is the old enigma of indifference and the failure of many citizens to recognize even that problems exist. Any region's claims of moral superiority on the question of race relations are a sham. Last summer's tragic riots in Los Angeles, and earlier disturbances in other cities, are blunt testimony to this fact.

As William Stringfellow recently told a Methodist youth convocation in California, the 17 ghetto riots in major U.S. cities over the past two years represent "a spontaneous combustion of despair nourished as

much by white apathy as by abominable ghetto conditions. There are few signs that white citizens are even contemplating a commitment to end ghetto existence. . . . They entertain images of black ghettos becoming decent and pleasant habitations. . . . They have been reared in the ethos of white supremacy so long that the ghetto has come to be considered normative."

Nowhere is this attitude more prevalent than in city neighborhoods and suburbs which systematically exclude members of minority groups. In so doing, they guarantee continuation of ghettos that blight our cities, and ripening of the frustrations which inevitably will lead to open unrest. As one civil-rights leader put it, "There will be riots if there are no alternatives." One primary function of civil-rights groups, as he sees it, is to provide alternatives.

The gross failure of many persons to grasp even the basic dimensions of this problem is the crucial liability of the North. In one recent case with which we are familiar, a younger Negro woman who is a Methodist minister has been unable to find a decent apartment in the same large suburb as the church she serves—although a number of apartments meeting her requirements have been open in the seven months she has been looking. In another case, a professional employee of a national Methodist agency was unable to obtain a decent apartment within convenient distance of the suburban office in which she works—again, not because apartments meeting her requirements were not available nearby at the time. The community consensus, as interpreted and enforced by various segments of the local power structure, was simply to bar Negroes from living in the community, even those who work there. Hundreds of similar cases are a matter of record.

The saddest argument against equal Negro access to housing outside Northern urban ghettos is the one that goes something like the following (quoted from an anonymous letter sent to signers of a public statement that a particular suburb should be open to persons of all races and religions):

"Isn't there enough trouble in other parts of the country without asking for violence and bloodshed here? Wouldn't it be better to leave well enough alone?"

The answer, of course, is that if we try to leave well enough alone, if we try to hold the lid on a boiling pot, we *guarantee* that bad conditions will get worse—and that when the lid does blow off, as it must, the eruption is going to be a beast.

Civil-rights activity in the South forced examination of injustices that once were ignored. Today even the last die-hard segregationist knows there are problems that cannot be ignored.

Now the same process appears to be building up momentum in other sections of the nation. It is not going to be a pleasant confrontation, but the point will be made—strongly, we hope—that race prejudice is just as insidious and destructive in the East, the Midwest, and the West as it is in the South. If anything, it may be more so.

—YOUR EDITORS

Whenever a man leaves the ministry's ranks, church leaders search for reasons why. A young, third-generation pastor tells here how he followed his conscience out of the ordained ministry, and why he believes he made the right decision.

Why I Left the MINISTRY

By J. ROBERT EWBANK

AFTER 10 years in the ministry, I decided I had to quit. This decision was a long time in coming, and extremely difficult to reach. Yet I am convinced that it was the proper one for me and that if I were to go through the whole process again, I would come to the same conclusion.

Perhaps you wonder how a man this deep in his calling could make such a radical decision. My story is not about a revolt against the church, for the church was good to me. It is not a story of coming to believe that the ministry did not matter, because I always felt the importance of my work, and much of it was a joy.

It certainly is not the story of faith gone sour; if anything, my faith is deepened. Nor is it about any loss of a sense of Christian vocation, although I now am engaged in a nonministerial job which provides a different avenue of serving others.

The real story is one of a broken love affair. I could no longer reconcile the gulf between what the church ought to be and what it really was—the last institution, usually, to register social change. The church seemed incapable of understanding the present times. And I was tired of having my family kept within the rigid mold of a small-community view of things. I did not like to watch self-appointed people looking over the congregation to see if every man had on a white shirt and tie and was, therefore, acceptable. I had seen other men in the ministry crack under the same strains.

On the first Sunday of November, 1964, I announced to my 500-member congregation that I was resigning as their pastor—and leaving the ministry as well. Painful though it was, making the announcement brought a profound sense of relief. To my surprise, most people seemed very understanding.

Within a few days, I moved my family from the Illinois parsonage where we had lived for two years to the Michigan community where I now work as an executive salesman for a steel products company.

How It Began

To tell the full story of why I left the ministry, I must go back to how I found my way into it. When I entered college, I had no particular career in mind, although I had given some thought to teaching. Mathematics was my favorite subject. One semester I was told it would not be wise to take two math courses I wanted at the same time. So I picked up a course in psychology—and became fascinated. I signed up for more, and later took several courses in sociology.

While these interests were being brought into focus, I was beginning to hear what seemed to be a new message from the church. My father, a Methodist minister, was a professor at Philander Smith College in Little Rock, Ark., while I was growing up; my grandfather was a minister, too. But while I was no stranger to the church, I had—at least to some extent—taken it for granted.

The people who really got through to me at college were in-

involved in the campus ministry. The decision to become a minister, however, was my own. Nobody ever urged me directly to consider it as a calling.

After studying philosophy and religion, as well as psychology and sociology, I thought I was ready for anything. I decided for the ministry because I felt it would give me a chance to do something useful.

With this background and with a new wife, I entered Garrett Theological Seminary. I'm sure I got theological training as adequate as any available at the time.

The Pastor's Task

Yet, those years in seminary did not prepare me for the pastorate. What I learned did not coincide with on-the-job demands. It was frustrating to find congregations uninterested in things I felt were most vitally needed.

In my view, the minister should be well informed, which means spending an average of four hours a day in reading. I conceived my role as a minister to include being an influential, informed member of my community, performing a vital, educational, and inspirational task.

Very early in my ministerial career, however, I discovered that this was fantasy. I would hate to count up the hours I spent running errands and turning mimeograph machines, and on other trivia which anybody could have done as well as I. And I spent much effort trying to appease different groups whose petty tensions within the congregation would have torn the church



As a layman, the author is a sales executive with a company which makes wire-mesh containers. He, his wife, and three children now are active in a Michigan church.

apart if allowed to fester and grow.

Running a church gets a minister involved in majoring in the minors. And, unfortunately, it is very easy to drift into a pattern of just taking it easy, maintaining the status quo—not causing any trouble and not doing anything important.

In my first appointment after seminary, I spent two years as an associate pastor. The senior minister was a good man, more liberal in his theology than I was. I developed an intensive interest in pastoral calling, personal counseling, and participation in social organizations. These activities brought me into constant contact with people and their problems.

Despite this, I found it increasingly difficult to bring the influence of the church into the daily lives of members in a meaningful way. After two years at that church, I asked to be moved. Very few older ministers are trained to work with a young one, and if the two are

together too long, tensions begin to arise. So, feeling two years as an associate was long enough, I asked to be moved.

Having a church of my own, however, did not wipe away problems; in fact, I was exposed to others I had not seen before. One that I brought along with me continued to grow—my belief that most church programs and activities are far removed from the real problems of daily living. I heard ministers berated for addressing themselves to specific problems and issues of today. We were told that we had to be discreet, to be salesmen, that we had to compete with the “other entertainment of the world.”

Here was no burning fire of the Gospel, gathering people to catch the sparks so that they too would burst aflame with it. Instead, the church usually was viewed as a retreat from the world, an institution preoccupied with specialized, noncontroversial interests.

Kinds of Reasons

Determining exact causes for such a radical switch as leaving the ministry is extremely difficult. Things have to be said that easily might be misunderstood. I know that my motives are never as clear as I would like them to be. There was no sudden crisis. My problems had been there all along, and I became aware of them only gradually over a long period of time.

I began to keep a diary in which, late at night, when the rest of the family were asleep, I wrote down my impressions of the church and its troubles. While these candlelight confessions rarely led me to answers, at least recording my reactions helped clarify my thinking. Reading the diary now, I can see that my reasons for getting out of the ministry fall into a few main categories.

First was the constantly accumulating evidence that people just did not care. Once I wrote, “Apathy, apathy—everywhere I turn I am faced with it.” People seemed to have no interest either in studying the Christian faith or in really applying it in their everyday living. There was no excitement, no zest.

Some of this, of course, probably was my fault; I was unable to arouse and stimulate the members. Still, a congregation needs more than one spark plug to generate any real vitality.

Secondly, I was constantly frustrated by the double standard which helps prevent significant contact between the clergy and the laity. Most congregations hoist their minister up on a pedestal, where he naturally has difficulty making real contact with the world. For example, we make him swear to abstain from smoking and drinking, often using outmoded reasons, and breathing a sigh of relief that the same rules are not enforced for laymen. By not allowing a minister to decide such things for himself in the light of the Christian faith as he understands it—a privilege we grant laymen—the double standard and the isolation of the minister from the world are perpetuated.

A third factor in my decision was pressure on me and members of my family. I felt these pressures first. When we established a youth group

in a church that had had none, and 40 youngsters came to the meetings in the church, tongues began to waggle because they disturbed the long-established ladies sewing group that had met there at the same time for many years.

When I played baseball with the boys to get to know them better, people wondered out loud why I did not have more important things to do. When it became known that I was reading four hours a day, it was hinted that the time could be spent better in other pursuits.

People would try to get at me through my wife and children. Unwilling to discuss a difference of opinion openly, they would have their wives take a jab at my wife. I can think and let think, but I want others to do the same. I can respect other points of view, but being knifed in the back was hard to take.

The Age-Salary Bind

A fourth factor in my decision to leave the ministry involved finances. In our denomination, a young minister gets into what I call the age-salary bind, which means that, at a certain age, he normally fits into a certain salary bracket in his conference. Few men are able to break out of this pattern.

Every year since my seminary days I had ended up just a little more in debt. This did not change until I got out of the pastorate.

For the most part, my family bore up cheerfully under the financial strain. But it hurt when we had to tell our young daughter that she could not have a pony because I was a minister and did not make enough money. Her first question after I found a job in industry was, "Now can I have a pony?"

Service in the church cost me heavily. When I began to analyze my financial future closely, my wife and I figured that the education of our three children might be jeopardized. We wanted them all to go to college, but we just did not see how it could be done on a minister's salary. This is not to say it cannot be done, but one financial setback such as two major surgeries in four years can result in years of debt.

There were other factors, too, in

the complex reasoning that led to my decision. My wife and I were both urban people and did not feel well suited for small-town pastorates. Besides, we had grown up in a college atmosphere, and in small communities, quite frankly, we felt a cultural lack in our lives.

Our Methodist system frequently sends men into areas of service for which their past lives have not prepared them at all. Country boys go to the city and city boys go to the country. I have seen colleagues struggle along in situations entirely foreign to them. Some of them risked financial ruin trying to get additional schooling they needed to become effective in these unfamiliar surroundings.

Taking Stock

At one point, a few years back, I remember taking stock of my effectiveness as a pastor after two couples I had married seemed headed for divorce the same year. I reexamined my methods of counseling for marriage and tried to improve them.

Yet my effectiveness as a counselor was only one of the problems I considered at that time; others kept popping up. I knew something more basic was bothering me. I asked myself, "What is the matter? Is it something inherently wrong within the church, or is there something wrong with me that I don't see?"

Once, I gave fairly serious consideration to becoming a chaplain, and my wife and I talked with my former district superintendent about it. We had just moved into a new situation, where I was serving two small churches, and I had returned to school to work on a master's degree. His advice then was that the chaplaincy was not the answer and that we should try the pastorate a while longer.

We did, and it just did not work out any better. Finally it boiled down to a matter of being honest with myself. Some words by Helen MacInnes that I had read in her *The Venetian Affair* sum up my decision to leave the ministry:

"I am here because my beliefs are shaped by my own thoughts; and a man's thoughts are shaped by his conscience. That is what gives

me my orders, and I may damn it to high heaven, but I'll listen to it."

Once the decision was made, I had to face my bishop. My wife and I met with him for a talk, and in essence I told him what I have set down here. I tried to explain how I felt and why. He replied that the reasons I gave for leaving the ministry were exactly the reasons I ought to stay in. Perhaps he was right. Had it been feasible to talk with him a year or two earlier, it might have made a difference. But it was too late.

Looking for a new job presented something of a problem because I wanted nobody to know about it until near the end of my pastorate. I did not relish the prospect of being a lame-duck pastor; and if word leaked out, it might have caused serious and unnecessary problems.

Quietly, I took into confidence one member of my congregation whose family I had counseled through a serious crisis. This layman put me in touch with a career development agency through which I secured my present job.

It was heartwarming to have a former seminary professor tell me, "I'm sorry the ordained ministry is losing you; but it is clear that you will not be lost to the ministry of the church, in the wider sense, so long as you have concern and conviction to continue your personal witness."

During my first year out of the pastorate I have served as a church-school superintendent and vice-chairman of the Red Cross in our community. Through these outlets I have been able to carry on significant discussions with many persons about the meaningfulness of Christ in our daily lives.

If I had it to do over again, I would not hesitate so long in making my decision to leave the ordained ministry. I feel the church has been losing the initiative. We are called to take its message out into the world, not to clutch it to our breasts as though, in the sharing, it somehow would be lessened. The trivial tasks thrust upon me as a pastor, the family struggles, and the possibility of a new ministry in the world made it imperative that I move out there—into the real world—to make my witness. □

To a little girl who has been the youngest member of the family, a baby brother can threaten the very foundations of her world. How can her parents reassure her that the tiny interloper is not going to take any of their love away from her?

How Baby Got a Sister

By BARBARA SPRUCE

PEERING at the tiny red face that yawned toothlessly up at her, Pamela showed only surprise.

"What is it?" she faltered.

"It's a baby, dear," I replied, amused.

"What will we do with it?"

"We will love him and take care of him."

"Can it run around on the floor like a puppy?"

"No, he won't run around for months."

"Can he sing very well?"

I smiled. It was obvious she felt he must have some talent, else why get him?

"No, dear, he can't sing yet. He can't even talk. But Daddy and I are sure you will teach him to do both."

I congratulated myself mentally for handling the introduction of the baby to Pamela so well. By the time you have your fourth, I thought, you become an expert.

Jeff and Jerry, Pamela's two older brothers, had been patient only by leaping from one foot to the other and making dreadful faces. It was their turn now to be close to the sofa where the baby lay. Their delight in their new brother was evident as they stroked the plump cheeks and the scrawny neck with grubby fingers.

"Isn't he sweet! He's as soft as pudding."

"What a dab of a nose! If you

"Why do you like him so much?" Pamela asked. "He wets his pants and he cries when he's hungry. I don't wet my pants!"



look real close, you can see his little fingernails."

Their voices clattered together like pot lids.

"Gently, boys," I cautioned. But there was no problem here. They had welcomed a new baby before.

Pamela retreated to the comfort of her father's lap, from where she watched the boys sullenly.

"What can it do?" she cried, despair in her voice.

"He can sleep, he can drink milk, he can cry. He can wet his diapers. His name is John, pet." Her father cuddled her in his arms and blew on her neck. But she turned her head away.

The baby was put to bed upstairs, and Pamela seemed to recover her usual gay spirits as she played with a brush and comb and mirror I brought out for her. Yes, I told myself, I know the tricks of the trade.

After an hour I asked pleasantly: "Shall we go upstairs and get the baby?"

"Baby?" Pamela's tone implied she had forgotten we had one. However, she took my hand and climbed the stairs with me, asking: "Why hasn't it any hair? Where are its teeth? I think it's ugly."

"Take his little foot in your hand, dear, see how tiny his toes are?" I invited, picking him up and holding him down for her to touch.

"Don't want to."

Her curiosity about the intruder made her stay to see him bathed and dressed, but she was the picture of misery, lips clenched and eyes brimming. Oh well, I comforted myself, she will be used to him by tomorrow.

WE all tried to be particularly nice to her that evening. The boys, warned privately, refrained from teasing her, and her father read her three stories at bedtime. Pamela went to sleep happy.

Pamela woke happy. There was no mention of the baby, and she sat contentedly at breakfast pushing each puffed ship to the bottom of a milky sea with her own special spoon.

Then, like an avalanche, Jeff and Jerry poured down the stairs, shouting in unison:

"Baby's crying, baby's crying."

"I'm biggest, can I pick him up?"

"Is that nasty little baby still here?" Pamela screamed.

"Of course, silly sister, we keep him always," Jeff jeered.

"Why do you like him so much? He wets his pants and he cries when he's hungry. I don't wet my pants!" She was shouting, standing up on her chair. "I don't cry when I'm hungry; I know where the crackers are!"

I PUT my arms around her, but her body was stiff and unyielding.

"Pamela, dear," I said, "Mummy loves you dearly, and so do Daddy and Jeff and Jerry. We know you are a fine girl, and when baby John gets to know you, he will love you, too." What else could I tell her? "Baby John needs you very much. You are the only sister he has," I added.

It was too much for her to bear, this talk about love.

"I hate him. I won't be his sister. Don't smile at me."

She jerked away, jumped down from the chair, and retreated backwards into the playroom, slamming the door.

I dashed upstairs to fetch the screaming baby and hurried back with him to the kitchen where the boys were playing like two wild colts.

"For goodness sake stop playing and eat your breakfast," I cried irritably. I could not have been reading the right articles on jealousy; Pamela did not seem to be improving.

The boys gulped their cereal and dashed to get their coats. In a moment Jerry called from the living room:

"Mom, come and look at the piano."

"We were just getting our coats, and we saw these bits of white on the floor," added Jeff excitedly.

"My piano!" I wailed, hurriedly putting the baby in the buggy and tearing in.

My first instinct was to turn Pamela over my knee, especially since she showed no remorse, just standing there silently, defiantly, the ruler she had used on the ivory keys still in her hand. But I thought

better of it and, sitting down, I took her onto my lap.

"Oh, Pamela," was all I could say. She stared wordlessly at me, looking as if she would like to hit me but did not dare. Then I realized, it was the baby she did not dare hit. So she had taken it out on the piano, which was mine, too. Was she really that unhappy and desperate? I wondered miserably. What in the world would she do next? What should I do next?

We had company that evening.

"Excuse me a moment, I think I should check on the baby once more," I said as we sipped coffee.

I crept up the stairs to avoid waking the children, but as I reached the landing the baby began to cry. I heard the padding of Pamela's feet. She was out of bed. I stopped.

The crying began to sound desperate, like a cat held too tightly around the middle. I heard Pamela's door open. She stepped carefully over the board that squeaked and crossed the hall without a sound. Pushing the door to the baby's room wide, she vanished inside.

I held my breath. She wouldn't. Or would she? Should I dash in and grab her? Or should I wait? Would she be jealous because he was in her old crib? Would she pinch him? Or what?

I moved on up the stairs and down the hall to the bedroom door.

THE crying stopped. Quickly I moved to the door and looked in.

Pamela's face was pressed against the bars of the crib, and her arms were reaching in. She was whispering: "Sh, sh, shsh, there, there, baby."

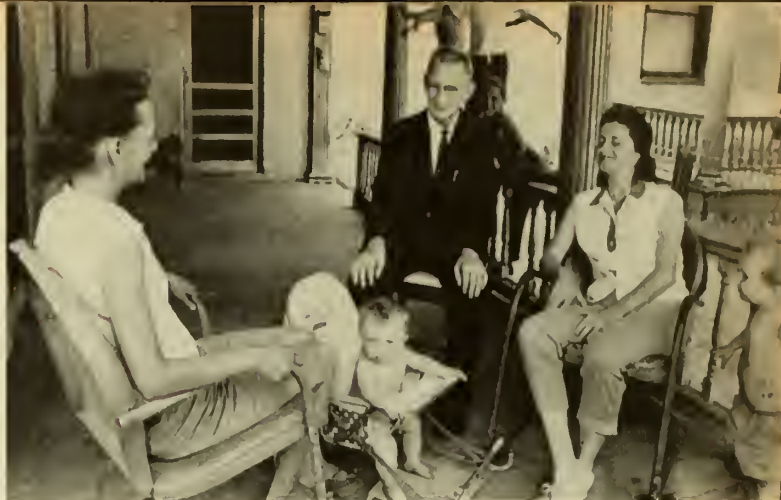
She went on murmuring, patting him gently. Then, cautiously, she poked one finger at his fist. He took hold of it, closed his eyes, and in a few seconds he was asleep. Gently she freed her finger, covered him up, and turned toward the door smiling. I took her by the hand, and led her back to bed.

Snuggling down under the covers, she told me contentedly:

"That dear little baby needs me to look after him. I'm the only sister he has." □

'They've Forgotten How Good They Are'

By CRAIG A. PALMER



Willing but ill-prepared for city life, Appalachians get a helping hand from Dayton's Avery Eastridge.

THE advertisement in a church publication sought a pastor to start a Methodist mission in a run-down Dayton, Ohio, neighborhood that serves as a port of entry for immigrants from Appalachia.

To the Rev. Avery A. Eastridge, a Kentuckian who had spent 17 years in Midwest pastorates, it was an invitation to return home.

"I had a feeling of guilt," he recalls, "that I had gone off and left my people. I wanted to come back and work with them."

Mr. Eastridge is fond of saying that he got the job as director of Van Buren Methodist Community Center because nobody else wanted it. But actually there were other applicants who dutifully presented outlines of the programs they planned. Mr. Eastridge had none.

"I told the board," he says, "that the only way I would come to Dayton would be with the privilege of finding out what the people need, rather than setting up programs and trying to work people into them." He declined the offer of a parsonage in another neighborhood and moved, with his wife Ruth, into a building behind the center, close to the people they would serve.

Van Buren Center is just below Fifth and Wayne streets in east Dayton—an intersection once described as "Filth and Wine"—down behind the Ace Bar and Bonnett's secondhand magazine and bookstore, and not far from the Blazing Stump Cafe.

Mr. Eastridge arrived at the 99-year-old mission building, once a German Methodist church, in the spring of 1962 to minister to the

migrants—most from Kentucky and Tennessee—who have been streaming in since World War II.

Unskilled and poorly educated, the newcomers jam into rambling frame buildings and spiral-staircased brick houses which have been converted into apartments of two to four rooms. The rent is \$15 to \$25 a week.

Jobs for unskilled laborers are few in Dayton, and many of the migrants must resort to welfare aid to feed and clothe their families. The jobs they do find—construction, gardening, handy work—are mostly seasonal.

Mr. Eastridge, working with social agencies and industry, seeks decent employment and housing for his people. His wife and a married daughter, Pat, also take an active part. "They put in as many hours as I do," he says.

"At first I felt it was a rather lonesome kind of work," Mrs. Eastridge recalls, "but generally we're getting a good response now."

Mr. Eastridge's "parish" has no geographical limits. He will go to city hall to fight for better housing, to the school board to argue for a lunch program, or to an affluent suburban church to ask for money and volunteers.

Once, when a city commissioner dubbed a new apartment "Wino Arms," Mr. Eastridge marched into a commission meeting and called the statement "a shame and a disgrace to the people of east Dayton." His words were recorded in the newspapers, and the commissioner later apologized publicly. Mr. Eastridge insists that efforts to improve

the neighborhood should not be derided—particularly by a city official.

One east Dayton grocer, who has twice been denied liquor licenses, has been upset by Mr. Eastridge's appearances before the state liquor-control board.

"I don't fight this as a religious issue," says the pastor. "I don't quote the Bible. I just tell them that we are oversaturated with liquor outlets and that they are a menace."

"Our work has been hard to evaluate," he adds. "We can point to families that have been rehabilitated, to homes restored, to changes in behavior and attitudes of children. But we also have had failures and disappointments."

Projects develop at the center in ways which express the 57-year-old director's philosophy about his work. A job-seeker stopped there one afternoon asking directions, and explained that he could not read street signs well enough to find his way around. From that start, Mr. Eastridge, with the help of Mrs. Virginia Stafford, explored the problem and organized the Dayton Literacy Council, staffed by volunteers.

When a planned-parenthood clinic opened at a local hospital, it was the culmination of another Eastridge campaign.

"One of the biggest problems with people in the inner city," says Mr. Eastridge, "is that they have lost their sense of purpose. Many of them are crushed so often and exploited by so many that they are satisfied just to exist. Most know how bad they are, but they have forgotten how good they are." □



EUGENE MONTGOMERY

In the Land of Lincoln, a disciple.

AS A YOUNG man studying at Chicago's famed Art Institute, Eugene A. Montgomery's striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln propelled him into demand as a model. Today his look-alikenesses are seen in the Lincoln Trail Monument near Lawrenceville, Ill., two statues in the corridor of Lincoln's tomb in Springfield, Ill., a statue in a park at Dixon, Ill.

Now, having outgrown the martyred president's gauntness, Mr. Montgomery has earned a reputation as a fine portrait painter and teacher. Among his works have been (you guessed it) portraits of Lincoln. A member of Covenant Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill., he has beautified the sanctuary windows with tiny paintings of scenes from the life of Christ and has decorated a wall with a seven-section mural of important Christian events. □

UNUSUAL Methodists



TED ERIKSON

With a computer's help, another record.

WHEN TED ERIKSON, senior chemist at the Illinois Institute of Technology's Research Institute, decides on a change of pace, his colleagues know another marathon swim is about to begin.

Mr. Erikson's latest world record is a 30-hour-and-3-minute nonstop round-trip swim of the English Channel, where he cut 13 hours from the record of the only person ever to accomplish a similar feat. A computer helped Ted analyze the tides. He also holds a 22-hour, 17-minute world's mark for a 40-mile pool swim. Ted trains in Lake Michigan from March through November, and in pools during winter months. Thirty-mile bike tours help, too, as does a special diet that builds his weight. "Fat supplies buoyancy, insulation, and energy," he explains.

Ted and Loretta Erikson and their two children are members of Morgan Park Methodist Church in Chicago where Ted has tithed prize money. He won none in the channel venture, however. "That swim," he explains with a grin, "was sponsored by Ted Erikson." □



HOWARD JOSEPH

An ecumenical venture in aviation.

HOWARD JOSEPH (second from left, above) spends his working hours piloting a Trans World Airlines jet across the United States. During his spare time, however, he is often found near a small plane, teaching Roman Catholic seminarians airplane mechanics and precautionary maintenance. The project began when the Methodist pilot met some Maryknoll seminarians at an airport. "They asked me for advice," he says, "and they must have approved of the answers

I gave them." The students need the best help they can get, for Maryknoll Missioners work in 13 countries around the world, and the conditions often are primitive.

For his volunteer efforts, Mr. Joseph has been made an honorary member of the Maryknoll society. And, as a practical way of saying thanks, 15 seminarians took up picks and shovels one day and put in a front lawn at the Joseph home at Lake MacGregor, N.Y. "I have the greenest lawn in the neighborhood," he quips. "I guess it must be blessed." □



JOSEPH BYRD

Is his 'New Music' really music?

THE GENTLEMAN at left is not fixing a piano or taking its pulse. He is rubbing microphones over the strings while Dorothy Moskowitz sings from what looks like several graphs of the gross national product.

It is a giant step to the left of Bach, but Joseph Byrd and 20 other students from the University of California at Los Angeles insist that it is music. Organized as the New Music Workshop, they have performed a composition which includes a highly amplified tape recording of water running from a faucet. Another includes a cacophony of sound punctuated with loud crashes and long silence. "Traditional music," says Mr. Byrd, "is a few sounds in many different arrangements. New music includes a world of sounds."

In his more traditional moments, the 26-year-old doctoral student composes, arranges, and directs music for English and Japanese-speaking choirs at West Los Angeles Community Methodist Church. □

The NEW Morality: A Christian Critique

✦ Disturbed by the church's 'awkward silence' in the face of rapidly changing moral standards, this author insists that the church can and must provide dependable guidance on sex for its people. Continued silence, he says, is to risk both personal debility and social decadence. Sexuality, properly expressed, is a good gift of God's creation which enhances life and contributes to spiritual and emotional growth.

By HARVEY SEIFERT
Professor of Christian Ethics
School of Theology at Claremont, California

IT IS HARD to say which is the more astounding—the rapid change in popular sex standards or the weak futility of the Christian church's response.

The same religious leaders who say a great deal in specific detail about race or poverty often fade into vague generalizations about sex. Many add little to the obvious observation that within each situation one should do that which best expresses loving concern for persons.

This is a particularly helpless suggestion for handling a powerful emotion like sex attraction. At the moment of decision, one easily "loses his head" unless he has used it in advance in the kind of analysis we demand for other important choices.

In complicated matters like sex, of course, it is true that each individual must make detailed choices within his particular circumstances. Yet the church can and must provide dependable directions for such decisions, drawing on the positive guidance available in basic Christian teachings.

Similarities within types of situations outweigh differences, especially when the broader social setting is considered. No man ever should rationalize that his case is decisively unique and, therefore, not within the usual guidelines, when as a matter of fact it hardly ever is. It is particularly dangerous to make rules out of so-called exceptions, as the "new morality" tends to do.

Perhaps one reason for the church's awkward silence today is historic. Through much of Christian history,

and even in the Bible, sex often has been depreciated, viewed only negatively. Yet the highest teachings of Scripture see sexuality as a good gift of God's creation. It is not man's highest goal. To make it such would be idolatrous. But wholesome sex activity can contribute to spiritual and emotional growth. Instead of frowning on sex, we should recognize that when it is properly expressed it greatly enhances life.

One prominent characteristic of many who advocate a "new morality" is their easier acceptance of premarital and extramarital intercourse. For many persons, both young and adult, this is the most troublesome dilemma in the management of sex.

I am convinced that much of the present confusion and uncertainty can be cleared away by considering three aspects of Christian love which together provide a norm for making moral decisions:

1. *What do we seek?*
2. *For whom do we seek it?*
3. *For how long do we seek it?*

What Do We Seek?

Christians emphasize the realization of higher values, for all men, in the long run. Among the variety of looser sexual patterns urged upon us, the more extreme are quite open about rejecting the guidance of such a love ethic. Others are less subject to this criticism. In varying degrees, however, all give different answers to the three questions above.

For one thing, they tend to forget that sex, while

important, is still a subordinate value. A rich, full life depends upon a harmonious ordering of values which ranks spiritual growth first. When one prefers sex to prayer or to his vocational contribution to mankind, he is living a disordered life. And the person who places the purely physical aspect of sex above its social and spiritual values is one kind of perversity.

Our sex-saturated culture invites us to this kind of apostasy against God. Advertising, movies, and crowd pressure bombard us with it. Sexual feelings, long inhibited, now are exploding in this new freedom. Our present exaggeration may be no better than our former repression.

Placing too great stress on any subordinate value is self-defeating. It blocks the full possibilities even in that value itself. Beauty in the architecture of a house is important. It may, however, be pushed to the point of absurdity if one punches artistic holes in the roof and uses shapely but spindly supports for walls. Not only does this undermine the primary purpose of the house as a place to live but the attempted beauty itself comes tumbling down.

So it is with sex rated too highly. Many who claim to be emancipated say very little about the disillusionment, boredom, and unhappiness which finally follow an abundance of shallow sex. Seeking the full life, they actually end up with the empty life. Polygamy in sequence, which results from divorce Hollywood-style, is also a procession of failures.

The best sex experience is found only in the setting of a completely shared total relationship, supported by commitment, trust, sacrifice, and common work on major enterprises. This intimate meeting of whole persons is most fully possible only within permanent monogamous marriage—for richer or poorer, in sickness or health, through fires of adversity and ecstasies of achievement. The possibilities in Christian marriage are incredibly intense and extravagant. It is precisely because sex can be so good that we ought to settle for nothing less than its best manifestations.

The greatest tragedy is that so much that is major dies within a person when minor potentialities are overstressed. The young adult who repeatedly spends hours in petting is less prepared for marriage, since he comparatively neglects acquaintance with his future spouse in other areas of relationship. He also is less prepared for life in general because his assessment of values is disordered.

For Whom?

A second major guideline of Christian ethics is inclusive concern for all men everywhere. Christian compassion always is outgoing, warmly generous, and—whenever necessary—willingly sacrificial. The deepest personal satisfactions come as the unsought by-product of sincerely placing the needs of others ahead of one's own desires. Christianity without the cross is counterfeit.

Those who defend sex relations outside marriage probably will find this a strange set of ideas. Some are quite open about adopting selfishness as a way of life and about making hedonism a religion. Others act out varying degrees of self-indulgence. As Lester A. Kir-

kendall has pointed out, the great bulk of premarital sex is exploitative. It is simply a source of personal pleasure which uses another person, in Harvey Cox's words, as "a disposable accessory." The sophisticate strictly shuns involvement or suffering for the sake of the other.

What has come to be known as "playboyism" involves an even more thoroughgoing denial of the Christian faith than any specific position it may take on sex. It attaches major importance to achieving for oneself "the good life," affable and refined though it may be. This emphasis is quite foreign to the truth, "Whoever would save his life will lose it." It calls the evil good, and turns Christian ethics upside down.

Those people who are able to enjoy sex partners while avoiding reciprocal responsibilities, or those who can feel comfortable in a tastily furnished penthouse while other men starve in India or neighboring slums—such persons would not understand Albert Schweitzer's renunciation of home for an African hospital, or the way of Jesus which led to crucifixion. They would not understand it because they have made a different basic assumption about the meaning of life. Yet the long course of civilization will owe more to the Albert Schweitzers, with whatever faults they may have, than to the Hugh Hefners, with whatever redeeming features they may have.

In discussions of premarital sex, two concepts have seemed to introduce a larger measure of genuine concern. Ira L. Reiss describes the widely held standard of "permissiveness with affection," which sanctions sexual intimacies between two persons who share genuine affection. The other popular guide is Lester A. Kirkendall's emphasis on accepting consequences in interpersonal relations. Both of these are inadequate from the full Christian perspective.

As commonly applied, the required depth of affection or range of interpersonal consequences is rarely as thoroughgoing as the demand of Christian love. What advocates of the "new morality" consider to be intense passion is likely to be only a superficial sentiment in comparison with the full depth of love. They "make love" without loving.

In addition, the wide meaning of inclusive concern is easily neglected. It is not enough to ask what contributes to trust, integrity, or creative relationships between two sex partners. There is the further question of consequences for society as a whole.

Princeton University's Paul Ramsey allows the possibility of sex relations between engaged couples who are so responsibly committed that their real marriage may be said to have taken place before the ceremony. But his view weighs too lightly society's stake in a public registration of marriage in order to erect safeguards about such things as age, health, responsibility for children, or property rights. In a complex, mass society we can scarcely allow couples to marry themselves.

For another reason, sex relations outside marriage are never a purely personal matter. They contribute to a climate of custom which either strengthens or undermines the monogamous family as our basic social unit. Self-indulgent couples are partly responsible for

the emotional difficulties of children of divorced parents, insofar as they intensify life patterns which contribute to more broken homes on increasingly trivial grounds. Out of a sense of broader social responsibility, a couple frequently needs to give up some things they would like to do, such as exceeding speed limits on the way to the movies, or stealing the trousseau for the wedding, or being irresponsibly individualistic about sex.

The deepest love between two people matures not as they seek satisfactions for themselves, or even for each other, but as they work together for the welfare of the larger group. The basic life orientation which makes it easier to turn in on themselves makes it harder to stand hand in hand facing outward to the needs of humanity. Sex without affection is dehumanizing, because it mechanizes sex and regards persons as things. But unrestrained sex even with affection is decivilizing, in that it obstructs the highest potential achievements of culture.

For How Long?

Christian ethics stresses not only the highest values for all men but also that these values be maintained in the long run. Here again the so-called sophisticated view of sex conceals ultimate costs that are greater than immediate thrills.

Preoccupation with the superficial or the subordinate blocks the development of the fully mature man. The Christian faith projects higher expectations in answer to the basic questions: *What is the meaning of life? Who am I? Is man best thought of as the highest of the animals, or as a member of human society, or as a son of God?*

The *Playboy* version of gracious living would agree that man is a person and not a pig. But it still maintains too mediocre a picture of what is involved in being an authentic person. In important respects, its devotees turn out to be life denying instead of life affirming. Instead of full receptivity to the most significant possibilities in total reality, they move toward becoming nonpersons living an antilife in an artificial world. Those who look to sex for escape from meaninglessness should be sympathetically met, but also introduced to the abundant meaning of life with religious commitment.

A distinctive feature of genuine humanity is the ability to postpone gratifications, guide impulses, and select alternatives in a long pull toward higher goals. Such self-control is not neurotic, but mature. If gluttony must be avoided for health, smoking for longevity, calories for a figure, and idleness for a wage, it should not be surprising that certain disciplines also are related to successful marriage.

Sexual experimentation is more clearly inappropriate for those who have high future expectations for marriage. Is a satisfactory marriage defined only by happy meals, amiable chatting, and enjoying sex—or must the definition also include growth in spiritual solidarity, a relationship under God which is the nearest thing to the kingdom of heaven on earth?

In selecting a mate, the infatuation and wishful thinking which easily follow sexual indulgence are poor

preparations for a marriage that is lived at its best.

A life style of frequent conquests and flexible fidelity also undermines relationships essential for developing the full potentialities of the home. There are several replies to those who recommend adultery as a generally acceptable way of holding marriages together. Perhaps the most important observation is that they are simply not talking about Christian marriage.

Since the family is the basic unit of our society, the long-run consequences of accepting second-rate, self-centered marriages also can be disastrous for civilization. Acceptance of sex as a plaything is part of the pattern of placing personal enjoyment above social creativity. Using sex as a tranquilizer to escape the tensions of creative living is a prescription for both personal debility and social decadence.

Modern hedonists need a sociological education about the necessity of rigorous control of personal impulse as a prerequisite for cultural achievement. As a guiding national symbol, we are in danger of substituting Las Vegas for Valley Forge. Such an egoistic and materialistic dominant passion attacks the quality of our common life just as seriously as do communism or fascism—and it seems far more likely to succeed.

It is a mistake to consider the acceptance of extra-marital sex relations as a historically progressive step. Instead, it is a reactionary movement. It repeats the discredited assumption of extreme individualism that personal interest easily coincides with social welfare. The drift toward anarchy in sex is one form of nihilism with respect to social values. As we have repeatedly found through expressions of license in other activities, that which claims to be the most liberating finally turns out to be the most restrictive for both individuals and society.

Needed: Balance

A healthy synthesis for the future needs to combine a view of sex as unashamedly good and also as subordinate to higher values. Our sex-saturated culture requires a more balanced sense of proportion. Revisions in punitive laws should be accompanied by personal acceptance of moral controls. Life can provide a wider range of vocational and community interaction between the sexes—without discarding marital fidelity. We should advocate for both men and women equal rights to a richly authentic life, within a context of full social responsibility.

In affirming such a well-rounded approach, the church is not preserving the remnants of Victorianism nor the worst features of Puritanism. Instead it is standing ahead of its time, pointing to a new sex morality which avoids both prudery and irresponsibility.

This position of a creative minority within society is always an appropriate one for the church. Our business is never comfortable compliance with prevailing pressures. Ours is not a Gallup Poll ethic or a Kinsey Report morality. We expect the calling of God to be decidedly different from the mass mediocrity of men. Like other high experiences of life, the Christian unfolding of sex comes not through sanctifying the conventional but through stimulating the superior. □

WE WERE NEVER ALONE

By JANE DOE



"In our neighborhood and among our close friends, we have never been asked a single question that would require us to lie to protect Jeanie. I am certain most have heard the gossip."

LAST Saturday morning my husband and I and our 15-year-old Linda packed a picnic lunch, loaded up the car, and went to visit our older daughter, Jeanie, who is living for a while in another city. She rooms in a most attractive brick house in a nice residential neighborhood.

As we drove up, we saw three girls chatting on the front steps, one of them Jeanie's roommate. All were neatly clad in shorts on this warm day, as was Jeanie when she came down from her room.

We talked to the housemother a few moments while Jeanie was signing out to go sightseeing with us, and she recommended a park where we could enjoy our picnic lunch. Then we drove away, all talking at the same time and glad to be together again. But even our genuine gaiety could not crowd out the feeling that somehow our situation was unreal—as unreal as all the long weeks just past.

You see, Jeanie's pink-shorts outfit is in a maternity style, and the house where she is staying is the Florence Crittenton Home for unwed mothers.

At first the whole situation was so shattering that not one of us could think straight. Things like this simply do not happen in respectable, close-knit families like ours—or so we had always thought.

But they can happen and they do.

Jeanie is paying dearly for her irresponsible action; we, in turn, now feel that we trusted too completely her ability to cope with any situation. Though she will not keep this child, there is no doubt in my mind that she can and will put this experience behind her and eventually become the fine wife and mother she was born to be. But oh, how I had been looking forward to holding my first grandchild!

Just after she arrived at the home Jeanie wrote to us:

"I can never thank you enough, Mom and Daddy, for giving me another chance. There's a girl here whose parents won't have a thing to do with her. She can't ever go home again. I feel so sorry for her."

How could parents disown their own daughter? Now, more than at any other time, Jeanie needs all the strength and support we can give her. She needs to know that she is not alone—just as this experience has brought us the realization that we are not alone, either.

Jeanie was three months pregnant when she told us, although a mother's built-in trouble detector had warned me that she had not been her usually cheerful, enthusiastic self for some time. My husband and I spent two useless days in weeping and self-denunciation before sharing our problem

with the one person we trust completely, our minister.

As he listened to our story, tragic and unique to us but probably all too familiar to him, there were tears of compassion in his eyes. When we had said all we could, he assured us that we would find a solution, and that no situation is hopeless in the eyes of God.

Our minister hoped that a marriage could be performed and a responsible family unit created. In the next few days, he talked seriously and at length with both Jeanie and Mac, the boy involved. Despite the many months they had gone together, Mac felt no responsibility to marry her; his only thought was of finishing college without interruption. His casual rejection of Jeanie had destroyed the affection she had for him in the past.

A marriage could have been forced, but it would have had almost no chance of success. It probably would have led to a divorce later and more problems. As we eliminated this solution as impossible, with it went any chance of Jeanie's keeping her child.

Our minister questioned us about possible relatives or friends living at a distance with whom Jeanie might stay until the child was born. But even in our numb, bewildered state of mind, we did not want to impose on others in working out the

problem. We felt it was a matter for the immediate family only.

But, oh, the temptation it was to confide in others! I must have been hoping desperately that someone else could suggest a swift, painless solution—or that by confessing I could shift part of the responsibility and worry to another, stronger pair of shoulders.

Though our minister had visited several homes for unwed mothers and recommended them, we protested the idea of sending Jeanie away. In our prejudice and ignorance, we thought of them as institutions filled with an undesirable type of girl that we would prefer not to have Jeanie associating with.

With time running out on us, however, we finally telephoned the Florence Crittenton Home in the nearest large city—only to find that their accommodations were filled. Panic-stricken, we asked the calm kind voice on the phone for the addresses of other homes. We placed another call and, with great relief, found a similar home a little farther away where Jeanie could go immediately.

We packed quickly, loaded the car furtively, and within 24 hours were searching out the address in that strange city. This was the hardest. We knew nothing about this home except by reputation. Yet here we were, planning to leave our daughter there—with strangers—for three of the most difficult months of her life.

The attractive appearance of the home and its location helped to ease our minds, and the kind but direct approach of the director made us feel that we had at last found people who could cope with Jeanie's problems and ours without unnecessary emotion. The past few months had been so full of mixed emotions that it had become almost impossible for us to make objective decisions.

The director told Jeanie precisely what would be expected of her concerning regulations and chores to be shared, and what medical, dental, hospital, and counseling care she would receive. She would have the opportunity to attend special school classes, sew, or spend her time in other worthwhile activities. Adoption of her child would

be arranged for her through licensed agencies.

While the housemother showed me the facilities of the home, two of the girls in residence took Jeanie in tow to get her settled. The girls were so considerate, I felt they must be remembering their own feelings upon arrival. The inside of the house was as lovely as the outside—crisp white curtains, polished furniture, cheerful color schemes, a well-stocked library and study area. Two girls shared each bedroom. It was more like a girls dormitory than anything else, friendly and busy and designed to help these girls over a period of time that could be most dreadful under other circumstances.

From the appearance of the girls, I judged that the majority came from environments much like Jeanie's. By no means did they look like chronic delinquents (as I had somehow imagined). Most seemed to be girls who simply had made one bad mistake and would be doing their level best to build new lives when this experience was over. We went back home with much lighter hearts, feeling that Jeanie was in good hands.

WE LIVE in a very small town where rumors are constantly flying. How they start, I'll never know—but even before there was any noticeable physical change in Jeanie, there were whispers. To anyone who asked where Jeanie was (after we had taken her to the home), we casually replied that she was staying with some friends for the summer. But it's awfully hard to swallow over a lie, even half a lie, and we feared the consequences of this pretense on our impressionable young Linda.

Unfortunately there are a few people, young and old, who do not hesitate to ask the most personal of questions. One girl asked Linda point-blank if her sister were pregnant. Linda told her, "You must be crazy to ask such a thing." But when she came home she broke down and cried.

We talked to her as calmly as possible about the importance of protecting Jeanie from any publicity that would make it any harder

for her to return home in the fall, and the need to keep her grandparents—both rather old and not at all well—from hearing news that would be a shock to them.

We all found ourselves becoming quite adept at fielding certain questions and changing the subject, but we also found ourselves deliberately avoiding people after church services, staying away from the stores at busy times—simply to avoid answering questions. I do not think it is possible *not* to feel this way, right or wrong.

Amazingly, wonderfully, in our own neighborhood and among our close friends, we have never been asked a single question that would require us to lie to protect Jeanie. All of these people must wonder where she is, or have a good idea: I am certain that most have heard the gossip. But not one has ever embarrassed us with a blunt, leading question. Once a neighbor friend did ask me one question, as we were alone in her kitchen fixing iced tea for a patio party. She said:

"How's our girl getting along?"

"Pretty well," I answered holding my breath.

"I'm so glad," she said softly—and changed the subject. I'll love that woman for the rest of my days!

In no way can we condone what Jeanie did or make excuses for her. She was mature and intelligent enough to know better. She realizes how much sorrow her actions have caused, the half-lies we have told in the effort to protect her, and how far-reaching and long-lasting will be the consequences of her lapse from the standard of morality she had set for herself.

Out of despair and sorrow, our family has found a new strength and a deeper affection for one another—not as people who can do no wrong, but as human beings with human weaknesses.

A large part of this year will not be spoken of in the future, even though it can never be completely forgotten by those of us so deeply involved. But cherished forever in our memory will be the kindness and understanding of our minister, of the women who cared for Jeanie at the home, and of our fine friends whose loyalty and understanding knew no bounds. □



"We look just like our mothers," Shannon Perry (left) and Russtein Thomas seem to be saying.

MOTHER'S DAY OUT

One day each week this Little Rock church provides care for preschoolers while mothers shop, work at home, attend meetings, or just relax. It also gives the church school extra weekday hours to expand its Sunday-morning program of Christian education.

IT'S A perfect day to go visiting," says Mrs. Joel Henslee. "But I couldn't very well visit with four little children to take along."

Mrs. Henslee is one of about 75 mothers who take advantage of "Mother's Day Out," an unusual nursery service at Pulaski Heights Methodist Church in Little Rock, Ark. Every Thursday between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. the mothers spend the day doing just as they please—cleaning house, having lunch with friends, playing bridge, taking a class, or even teaching one.

More than three years ago, the nursery school

Mother's departure sometimes brings tearful moments, as with Mrs. Robert A. Regnier and son Robert.

But composure is quickly recovered [see next page].





While a happy Robert sizes up his lunch (above), Mrs. Regnier, wife of an associate pastor, attends a meeting to plan for World Day of Prayer (right). Normally, church leaders try to avoid scheduling meetings on Thursdays so that mothers can use the day for other purposes. One, Mrs. Louis Sanders, a dietitian, teaches a class of students at the University of Arkansas medical center. She has two children.



Older children like Alice Martin and Wesley Neill Hart III learn an important lesson, sharing Play-Doh.





"I try to do special things," Mrs. Joel Henslee says of her days out. Here she visits the Arkansas Art Center, where she took an art appreciation class.



Daughter-in-law of retired Bishop William C. Martin, Mrs. Don Martin uses Mother's Day Out for shopping. Her daughter, Aliee, was among the first enrollees.

started as an idea of the former pastor, Dr. Paul M. Bumpers. As he explained, "In our church we have many young couples with small children, and since few of them have near relatives with whom to leave the youngsters, this is an opportunity for the church to assume responsibility."

Mrs. V. B. Story, director of the program, says, "It is growing all the time. The mothers like it. They know their children receive good care, and it gives them one day of free time each week." Mrs. Story is the church's director of Christian education.

Restricted to Pulaski Heights Church members, the day costs mothers \$1 for one child, \$2 for more than one. The fee covers the cost of orange juice for a morning snack and milk to go with lunches which the mothers bring from home. Infants through kindergartners are enrolled, and teachers are specially trained, using Methodist materials which are expansions of Sunday-morning studies. Enrollment has run as high as 85, and there is one teacher for every eight children.

"I think this program is of great help because it gives the church greater contact with the home," says Mrs. Story. "The mothers see what we are doing here, and it brings home and church closer."

—ERNESTINE C. COFIELD



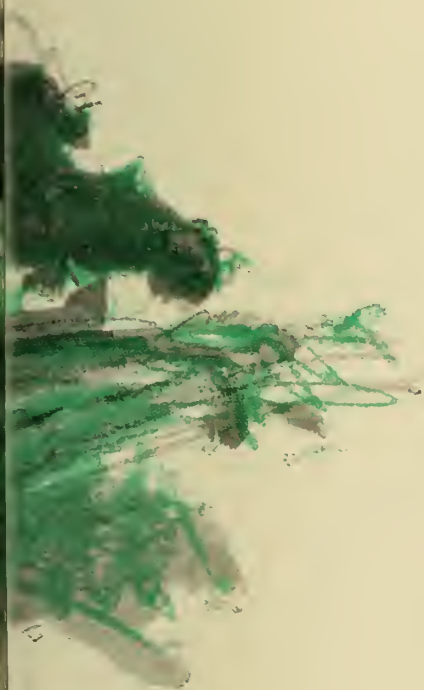
As Mother's Day Out ends, Mrs. Henslee leaves the church with her four young daughters. She is among the mothers with the most children attending classes. The program runs year around, except on holidays.

'Muskeg Annie'— *Guardian Angel of Koochicking*



County

Minnesotans today can
thank a plucky woman who led
the fight for good schools
and roads to reach them.



*With this improvised
stretcher, they carried the
seriously ill man to International
Falls. It took the two women
two days to walk the 36 miles
with their burden."*

by AGNES HARRIGAN MUELLER

"THE BASIC solution to the problems of the disadvantaged is more and better education," a speaker recently told members of the St. Paul, Minn., School Committee.

To me, his words echoed those used more than 50 years earlier by Annie Shelland, whose fight for good schools and roads led admiring homesteaders to dub her "The Guardian Angel" of Koochiching County. My parents were among those admirers.

My mother's good cooking and my father's generous and gregarious nature made our house the favorite stopping place in that isolated frontier in northern Minnesota. Our guests were government officials, timber cruisers, hunters, and immigrants. But of all the people who broke bread with us, none could match Annie Shelland, a young woman of queenly carriage and large blue-gray eyes bordered by thick black lashes.

One March morning in 1913, I walked into the kitchen where Mama was packing an extra school lunch pail.

"Whose lunch is that?" I asked, snitching a slice of cold partridge.

"Muskeg Annie's," sang out my 14-year-old Uncle Ross who lived with us.

"That's not a very respectful way to speak of our county superintendent of schools!" said Mama.

"I'm sure Ross meant no disrespect, Mrs. Harrigan," said Howard Magladry, a young schoolteacher, who boarded with us. "It's amazing how that woman gets around without any roads. Nothing but footpaths through the woods and muskeg swamps, nothing but rafts on the rivers."

"She's a plucky one," Mama agreed, putting the covers on the lard pails we used for carrying lunches. "She does everything in her power to see that the settlers' children get an education."

Mr. Magladry nodded as he poured syrup on his stack of wheat cakes. "If Miss Shelland hadn't fought for us at the legislature four years ago, the county wouldn't even have enough money to buy books."

I had just started the first grade that spring, but I recall the clipping from the Minneapolis *Tribune* that told of Miss Shelland's fight to see that the homesteaders' children got schools; also there was a cartoon showing a tall woman wearing a black velvet picture hat trimmed with a large ostrich plume. She held a rolled-up paper in her left hand and tweaked the beard of a Minnesota legislator with the other. Lettered on the paper were these words: "A bill for \$225,000 a year." Passage of that bill had meant more consolidated schools and better roads for our county.

In 1906, when Annie Shelland became Koochiching County's first school superintendent, the homesteaders' land still belonged to the United States—and the government paid no taxes. No taxes came from lands owned by the state either, and the logging companies, complaining that their taxes were too high, let payment slide from year to year. Consequently, nine tenths of Koochiching County was nontax-paying.

The county had few roads and no school buildings. Although some homesteaders gave land for school sites, the economic situation seemed almost hopeless to Annie Shelland the day she had to tell John Emberland, a salesman from Rand-McNally, that there was no money to buy his books.

"Then why don't you go to the Minnesota legislature and ask for help?"

Miss Shelland stared at Emberland incredulously. "Me go to the legislature? Women can't even vote!"

"You know the needs. I think you either ought to go to the state capitol or resign," Emberland told her bluntly.

Emberland said he would be in St. Paul the following Wednesday. If she would meet him there, he would take her to see the attorney general, George Simpson.

Annie prayed for guidance—and went to St. Paul. Mr. Simpson listened sympathetically, but told her the legislature had appropriated the last of its funds—to fight hog

cholera. Losing the first round, she returned to St. Paul during the next legislative session. Her efforts resulted in passage of a bill which provided 5¢ an acre tax on all lands owned by the state. Koochiching County's annual share of \$9,000 made it possible to build a consolidated school in each of the county's four districts.

Then followed several rainy years in a row! Roads became impassable, even for horse-drawn buses, and the schools were closed.

Annie Shelland continued to tramp through the forests, visiting her one-room schools, stopping overnight with homesteaders along the way, sometimes walking 25 miles a day. Now residents needed roads, not only to reach the schools, but to get their crops and pulpwood to market.

The gravity of the situation impressed Annie even more the evening she knocked at the Henry Langs' cabin door with the idea of staying overnight.

Susan Lang opened the door, her face haggard. "Oh, Miss Shelland," she cried. "Maybe I shouldn't let you come in. Henry is burning up with fever and is out of his head. He might have something catching."

"I'm not afraid," Annie said calmly. "I'll take care of Henry tonight so you can get some sleep."

By morning the two women real-

ized that Henry might not live unless they could get him to a doctor. They cut down two stout birch poles, and tacked a blanket to them. With this improvised stretcher they carried the seriously ill man to International Falls. It took the two women two days to walk the 36 miles with their burden.

Again Annie Shelland went to the state capitol. Her determined fight there inspired a Minneapolis newspaper reporter to call her "The Joan d'Arc of Good Roads."

"Miss Shelland, herself a homesteader and early settler, is alone and unassisted in her endeavor to further the cause of her people," he wrote. "She doesn't ask too much for them, just a fair deal from the state."

If we look back, this dedicated woman's tireless campaign seems all the more remarkable because, in her 20th year, a doctor had told her she had tuberculosis and could not live more than three months. Her father, the Rev. James Shelland, a circuit-riding Methodist minister who preached to the Indians in Minnesota, South Dakota, and Nebraska, advised his daughter to pray and file on a homestead in northern Minnesota where he believed the pure air could cure her ailment. Within six months she had recovered and taught school seven years before becoming our county superintendent.

Shortly after her success in convincing the Minnesota legislature to apportion \$225,000 for road construction, Miss Shelland asked my father to run for county commissioner in his district.

"You know that county commissioners also serve on the board of education, and we need good men," she urged.

Papa, a logging contractor of 30, finally agreed. In his 20 years on the county school board, Papa saw Koochiching County schools gain a top rating in the state. Most of the credit belonged to Annie Shelland, he said.

Not only did this remarkable woman win better schools and roads for our county, she also gave financial aid to promising students, although her salary was never higher than \$1,500 per year. Her help became a chain project. For example, Mary Brown would teach after one year of normal school financed by Miss Shelland. Mary then would send Miss Shelland monthly checks which went to help another student.

In 1920, Annie became Mrs. Clarence Williams and moved away from our county. Later, her husband developed a heart condition, and she taught in the Staples, Minn., school system. After her retirement in 1955, she lived at the Masonic Home in Minneapolis, frequently writing articles about her pioneer experiences for the *Daily Journal of International Falls*. Her death in the spring of 1964, aged 85, left a proposed book-length autobiography unfinished.

During one of my visits with her, I recalled an article titled *Woman Tamer of the Wilderness*, published years before in the *American* magazine.

She chuckled: "That writer gave me too much credit. Lots of good people helped me in my battles. After we had passable roads, schools like the Harrigan Consolidated, named after your grandfather, became a model for the state."

"And those roads also made it possible for you to travel without hip boots," I said, remembering how my irrepressible Irish grandfather, until the end of his days, always affectionately referred to her as "Muskeg Annie." □

The Year of the Heart

Winter has come to walk with me a way,
With black and naked boughs against the sky;
But, oh, I know one bright and blossomed day
Will be enough to see me safely by!
For it is so—that hearts, though wintering,
Stay warm upon the hearth of memory;
When Autumn has erased the Dream of Spring,
A heart that loved can see a barren tree
And hear the birds sing matinals again.
Hearts have their seasons, but they do not pass
So fast they hold to fragrant nights of rain
Or flowered stars upon the meadow grass.

Tranquil, I watch the somber year depart.
Remembering is April . . . to the heart. . .

—Beulah Fenderson Smith



‘...and the
Desert
Shall
Blossom
...as the
Rose’

—Isaiah 35:1 (KJV)

BECAUSE so many of the Old Testament people were travel-weary and homeless wanderers in an arid and trackless wilderness, it was natural that they should dream of desert lands transformed into new life and beauty by God's creative power. Their hope must have been buoyed time and again by the marvels they beheld: for desert life is more than brittle, fierce, and menacing forms—as witness cacti blossoming (right) in our own Western desert. After infrequent rain, the desert may suddenly become carpeted, too, by hosts of brilliant flowers which appear almost miraculously where it seemed no life could survive.

Pictures by O. F. Oldendorph
Text by Herman B. Teeter



IN SOME deserts, one expects to find mesquite or sagebrush; in others, weird Joshua trees or giant saguaro cacti weighing many tons. But oven-hot sands often harbor a gentler life—some plants more akin to the garden or field varieties in our temperate climes. With life's great adaptability, they may sleep for months, or years, until heavy rainfall awakens them. A light shower won't deceive them into suicidal growth; each has a chemical regulator which protects it until enough water is available for full flowering and seed production. Unlike the cactus, or yucca, or Joshua tree, these frail flowers are not drought resistant; they are *evaders*, as typified by three plants on this page. From top to bottom: Indian paintbrush, Parry phacelia, and white evening primrose.



FOR MORE than 20 years, O. F. Oldendorph of Coronado, Calif., has studied and photographed the floral wonders of our Western deserts. His pictures on these four pages are only a few of hundreds in his collection. From the colorful spread of sand verbena (below) to the jaunty optimism of prince's-plume (at right), Mr. Oldendorph finds "a great admiration for a system of life that can struggle for most of a year under severe hardship; and that can, almost as though in thanks, produce exquisite flowers or a myriad of green leaves."





IN MARK 6:31 (KJV), Christ said: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while." The same could be said today, for here is a place one can leave behind for a while the rush of men and events that crowd our lives. Those who take the time to know the desert have found it loses much of its forbidding harshness and is recognized instead as a place of rare stillness and unexpected beauty. In such desert plants as the whiplike, flower-tipped ocotillo (pictured above) or the well-armed prickly-pear cactus (at right), one senses the universal vitality and order of all living things.



ARE YOU A GUILTY PARENT?

By JULIUS SEGAL

Psychologist, National Institute of Mental Health
Bethesda, Maryland



THE JUDGE rapped for silence. He wore a pure white robe, and with his beard and pipe and stern but knowing look, he was the popular image of a psychoanalyst. Before him was an elaborate nameplate: JUDGE SIGMUND FREUD.

The jury filed in—a panel of experts on child development that included psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, social workers, and syndicated counseling columnists.

In the prisoner's dock sat a young mother, her eyes heavy with torment. She faced a vast courtroom occupied by a single scowling spectator—her mother-in-law.

The clerk arose to read the charges: "Sometimes loses temper with son . . . shouts . . . on one or two occasions has been known to slap her child in anger . . . once slammed the door on her screaming three-year-old when he refused to go to sleep. . . ."

"How do you plead?" asked Judge Freud.

"Guilty," whispered the prisoner. And then, in a crescendo of sobs born of remorse and self-hate, she screams again and again: "Guilty . . . GUILTY . . . G-U-I-L-T-Y!"

At this moment in the courtroom drama, the "prisoner" awoke from her dream, bathed in the cold sweat of a nightmare.

The dreamer was a friend of mine

down the street, the mother of three youngsters. When she told me about her nightmare, she asked for no interpretation. Whatever else the dream conveyed, it neatly and boldly summarized the conflicts of guilt and doubt that pervaded her waking life as a mother—the very same kind of guilt and doubt that shrouds too many hours in the lives of too many parents these days.

Our Do-Don't Paralysis

Like countless other mothers—and fathers, too—my friend is an unintended victim of the age of psychology and its parade of experts in child development, from Sigmund Freud himself to the overzealous school counselor. They have taught us that parental attitudes and behavior can be important factors in shaping the child's personality. True—to a degree. But the message has been overstated by the professionals and overlearned by cager parents.

Faced with years of admonitions about the *dos* and the *don'ts* of child rearing, today's anxious mother lives, in the opinion of child expert Dr. Fritz Redl, "as though a psychiatrist just flew by the window." She is quite convinced that somehow she is to blame for all of her child's shortcomings. Worse yet, she is certain that her very next parental sin will spell eternal psy-

chological damnation for the child—a life of maladjustment and neurosis.

The result is that we often try to rear our children in an emotional vacuum, surrounded only by well-planned, immaculately antiseptic reactions, free of all spontaneous emotion.

"I try never to get angry or excited, even when Eddie is at his worst," the mother of a six-year-old told me recently. "I know how very careful you must be in what you say or do to a child."

For Eddie's mother, the corrosions of fear and guilt have masked the sparkle of spontaneous emotional expression so important to a child's development—and to the parent's own well-being.

And Eddie's mother is not unique. She has her counterparts in child-shy parents across the land—parents whose hands are too often not around the child's shoulders, either in stern reproach or warm support, but on the 20th-century's Good Book: the latest manual of child rearing, the most recent do-it-yourself guide to building a child's personality.

Instead of acting out of an instinctive awareness of what is appropriate for adult and child, as our own parents used to do, many of us freeze while we consult the expert—who really does not know *your*

child or *you*. In trying to strike the right attitude or to find the right words, we end up being emotionally dishonest to ourselves and our children.

"But what about all the evidence you psychologists and psychiatrists have been giving us all these years?" one mother argued recently. "Isn't it true that if we make mistakes in child rearing we make psychiatric cases of our children?"

Not so—at least, not for the child who is normal to begin with. The trouble is that the experts have been sharing insights gained from treating sick patients, not typical men and women. It is from observations made at the clinic and the hospital, not the rec room or the college campus, that most rules of the child-rearing game have been derived.

The same event that has left emotional wounds in a neurotic or mentally ill individual may simply be taken in stride—or even profited from—by others. Social scientists Bernard Berelson and Gary A. Steiner point out that you can find virtually *anything* you choose in *anybody's* life history. In their recently published volume on *Human Behavior* [Harcourt, \$12; text ed., \$8.95], they attack the fallacy of using clinical case histories to infer a cause-and-effect relationship between specific childhood experiences and adult adjustment—a trap into which so many parents have been snared.

"Any normal individual's development contains so many different events," write Berelson and Steiner, "that a psychiatrist examining the record for any particular type of incident is likely to find it. It is difficult to find a case history of a psychotic or neurotic without some (usually childhood) traumatic experience; but it is equally difficult to find a case history of a normal person without such an experience."

A Built-in Personality

Despite the finely chiseled generalizations of many experts through the years, there never really has been any solid evidence that the course of a normal child's life can be significantly altered simply because his parents failed to follow this or that child-rearing plan.

Over a decade ago, Drs. William H. Sewell and Paul H. Mussen reported the results of studies in which they contrasted the effects of a number of parental practices supposedly important in shaping a child's personality. Their findings gave no support to the hallowed psychoanalytic notions that such factors as breast feeding, flexible feeding schedules, or gradual weaning promoted better adjustment than bottle feeding, regular feeding, or abrupt weaning.

More recently, psychologists Jerome Kagan and Howard Moss have reported that while many adult traits are roughly predictable from childhood behavior, they do not appear to be too much influenced by the mother's specific responses to her child. The most consistent finding of their long-term study of child development (published in *Birth to Maturity*, John Wiley & Sons, \$8.50) was that many of the traits exhibited by the child during ages 3 to 10—dependency, say, or aggressiveness—remained fairly constant through early adulthood. Such contrasting maternal attitudes as hostility or overprotection, however, did not alter the picture very much.

Similarly, in detailed physical and psychological tests of more than 300 newborn babies over the past six years, Dr. Wagner H. Bridger has found that patterns of behavior for a given baby are typical and constant right from the start, and mark him as uniquely different from the child in the next bassinet.

Some of these traits may, of course, be modified through the years by parental intervention—but not as dramatically as many of us have come to believe. A generally relaxed and compassionate child, for example, will not be transformed into an aggressive, bitter young man just because you made some mistakes in handling his temper tantrum last week. And a high-strung child will not be pushed over the brink to psychosis just because your patience wears thin once in a while.

If children do assert their own unique personalities right from the start, argues Dr. Bridger, it follows that some traditional concepts of

the mother-child relationship may have to be revised.

"We have come to realize," he says, "that it may no longer be a question of just the mother's influence on the baby. Instead, it is equally important to view the matter the other way around. The kind of mother a woman will be is also determined by the type of baby she has. It is obvious that a woman cannot be expected to respond in exactly the same way to an irritable, crying infant as she does to one that is placid and easily manageable."

Of course, if you get angrier more often than Mother X next door, part of the reason may be that you are more easily moved to anger. But do not let your sense of guilt becloud the possibility that it is the behavior of your *child* that accounts for much of the difference.

Studies such as Dr. Bridger's suggest that the old adage "born that way" probably was more accurate than some psychoanalysts have led us to believe. Our children come to us with a bundle of personality traits that have been willed to them largely by the enigmas of body chemistry and genetics. Only if we respond honestly to their behavior will they be prepared to meet the realities of their own lives, and try to alter those traits that others find unacceptable. We do youngsters a disservice when we assume unnatural poses for fear of hurting them.

It is true enough, of course, that severe and prolonged psychological trauma and emotional deprivations can scar any youngster, and that the already disturbed child needs special handling. But the fact remains that most children are less fragile than their parents think; they are tough and resilient. The average mother ought to put more trust in her spontaneous and honest responses to her child, for the child's good as well as her own.

Anger Teaches, Too

If at times, for example, a child's contrariness or aggressiveness angers a parent, it does not help the child if that anger is stifled. For when we are emotionally dishonest with our children, we deprive them of a chance to learn one of life's

most important skills: how to adapt to others. Finding out what makes people legitimately angry or unpleasant is a crucial step in the painful process of growing up. The child who never learns these emotional ground rules is in for some rough times when he leaves the artificial environment created for him by his parents.

Perhaps more important, children who inhabit a make-believe world created by parents can never really learn to recognize the importance of the next fellow. They cannot turn with grace from the completely self-centered state of infancy to the adult awareness that other people count for something, too.

My daughter, Rebecca, has of late shown this kind of transformation. I can hear it in the greeting that meets me when I come home at night. Instead of a curt, "What did you bring *me*?" there is a warm "How are *you*?"

Apparently she has learned the inevitable truth: *she* is a factor in whether I am sad or gay, moody or loving. This sympathy for the sensibilities of others cannot blossom in the hearts of children whose parents bury their own honest feelings for the "good" of the child.

And make no mistake about it. Youngsters are amazingly sensitive to our attempts at psychological deception. They are experts at pretending, and they know when feelings are being stifled. As one curly headed and very confused seven-year-old said to me recently:

"No matter what I do, Mommy never gets upset. But I can tell when she hates me. She calls me Pamela instead of Pam—and her eyes look different."

Pam is not alone in her bewilderment. Her mother is from a generation of parents who act on the mistaken belief that children can be made more stable and secure if we hide the negative and hostile feelings we sometimes have toward them.

Actually, children win a measure of security from knowing where they stand. A child wants his parents to set reasonable boundaries. He wants to identify with those who are strong and in control. After a child has thwarted and thoroughly upset you, it is more cruel

than compassionate to say: "Look, I'm not angry. Let's reason this out—and if we decide that I should punish you, it's really because I love you."

Mothers and fathers who play this game undoubtedly have the best interests of their children at heart, but they are bound to cause confusion and anxiety instead. A number of years ago, a school for maladjusted children asked its students to name the 10 qualities they wanted most in parents. Truth and honesty were at the top—ahead of love and affection.

I am not suggesting, of course, that we ought to expose our children indiscriminately to all the irritations and frustrations that beset us in our adult lives. But neither should we shelter them beneath a fictitious canopy of forced smiles. Youngsters deserve to come to know us as we are, and to understand something of what we feel and think.

The truth is that most children *want* to be an honest part of the family, to really know their parents and to share their experiences. They can accept more of our reactions than you might think, and along the way they will learn compassion and love for others—if only we treat them honestly.

You Can't Bury Feelings

It is not only the child, of course, who suffers when true feelings are shunted aside. All of us have days when our patience and selflessness are mockeries, when affection for a child pales under the weight of fatigue and frustration. Even then, there is little virtue in a show of forced friendship. In fact, if you try to repress your feelings, they undoubtedly will bubble up at the *wrong* time—when life should be sunny again.

I know one father who has tried to meet cheerfully every demand placed on him by his energetic seven-year-old, Timmy. No matter how he really feels, my friend always yields—like a martyr at the hearth—to the onslaught of his son's whims and wants.

Weary with fatigue, dad nevertheless plays an hour of baseball. Wanting nothing more than to sit and enjoy some moments of soli-

tude, he agrees to take Timmy for a drive. Craving an afternoon of hi-fi, he goes off without a whimper to the amusement park. All this is done in an unceasing effort to fill the role of model father.

The result is often an undercurrent of irritation and hostility that cannot completely be held in check. Of late, my friend's "good times" with Timmy have ended in tantrums and tears.

It would be far better, for Timmy as well as his father, if my friend were to deny his son those demands that he honestly does not want to meet. To be sure, a child needs the wholesome and spirited companionship of his parents—when they feel up to it. But Timmy also needs to learn that his parents have interests and needs of their own that must be respected, and that there are limits to an adult's patience.

Timmy's parents can help him by recognizing that neither a martyr's halo nor a cloud of guilt are useful tools in raising children. They must accept the fact that the parent with one type of personality is not necessarily a better parent than one of a different type. Fine mothers and fathers are found among the stern and the yielding, the impassive and the emotional, the protective and the cool.

The crucial factor is honesty—being yourself in relation to a child who one day charms and amuses and the next day annoys and exasperates, but who never questions the love you bear him.

What Really Counts

In the final reckoning, all the day-to-day variations in mood we spontaneously bring to the lives of our children are of little significance if, beneath them all, there lies an abiding love for the child. Children *know* when they are accepted even with all their faults and limitations. They can feel, shining through our intermittent storms of temper and outrage, the unquenchable strength that exudes from the parent who *really* cares.

No textbook can teach us that kind of parental love. With it, we can reject round-the-clock primers in child rearing and shed the burdens of guilt that so often mar the essential joy of parenthood. □



The Institute's campus (foreground) is in the center of a predominantly Negro ghetto, split by the Eisenhower Expressway. In the distance: the towering skyscrapers of Chicago's Loop.

Chicago's Ecumenical Institute . . .

Laboratory for Tomorrow's Church

Research is their main business, but in the process,
Institute faculty members train laymen and ministers to assume new roles in the church
of our radically new urban age. This includes forming Christian cadres,
or disciplined groups, of clergymen, teachers, students, social workers, and others
to be the agents of renewal in updated local congregations.



The clergy cadre meets periodically at the institute for intensive study (left, above). A premise of this group of local parish ministers is that the church is renewable from within. To translate ideas into action, they search for congregational resources to make human conditions better, and map tactics for meeting the secular 20th century on its own terms. A symbolic centerpiece (above, right) silently stirs thought at each meeting.

Text by Newman Cryer / Photos by George P. Miller

THE FACULTY of Chicago's Ecumenical Institute does not buy the theory that life in the inner city must be a meaningless cycle. If people live in deplorable circumstances, they say, these circumstances were created by human beings and can be changed.

But they have done far more than simply think and talk about such ideas. To prove their point, the 29 family units who form the institute's faculty—or "corporate ministry," as they call themselves—have deliberately moved into the center of a 16-block urban slum alongside the Eisenhower Expressway that links the downtown Loop to western suburbs. Calling this area "Fifth City," they intend to provide the resources and leadership needed to rehabilitate the area and change the self-image of its residents.

This deprived area—some would say a disaster area—is renowned as Chicago's West Side Negro ghetto, where youth gangs thrive, the crime rate is high, and more people are on relief than working. When the institute moved in, only one church existed, and few community organizations were functioning.

In this environment, the institute is basically attempting two things: (1) it is researching new forms of the church and, in the process, rebuilding the nearby neighborhood, and (2) it is training others to work for renewal in their communities.

As a pioneer venture in its field,

the institute is both different and controversial. Since it is highly experimental, it uses methods and brings forth fruit that are "strange new things" in the eyes of staid churchmen.

No one at the institute claims to know *the* one answer to the question of how the church can be relevant to our time, or to have designed any all-purpose master plan for the church of the future. But they are busily testing new approaches and creating prototypes that may be applicable in other urban situations. They see their mission as nothing less than a total approach to a better life for people who have nearly everything against them. This, of course, has implications and applications for any church in any situation.

But do not confuse the institute program with old-fashioned settlement-house work—crafts for the kids and used clothing for the grownups. The key to community renewal, as they see it, is educating the ghetto resident out of the notion of himself as a victim and into seeing the possibilities he has for controlling his own destiny.

The church has a part in this because, in the institute's concept of theology, Christianity is not simply a Sunday religion, but a whole way of life. And they believe strongly that the church is renewable from the inside, if lay people understand their proper role in today's world. This is one reason why

they are busily doing research—to build new models of the church that they can communicate to "awakened" people.

People get aroused, all right. Some are angered and repelled by modern "slang" the faculty uses and by what happens to participants as they are being "held out over the cliff" in institute training programs. Institute staff members often use shock treatment to jar people out of outmoded ways of thinking about religion. Then they lead these persons in the process of rebuilding a strong faith for the new age.

How It Started

The Ecumenical Institute was created in 1954 by action of the World Council of Churches' Second Assembly, which met in Evanston, a well-to-do Chicago suburb. At first the institute was a study center in a fine old Evanston home. Its director, Dr. Walter Leibrecht, a young German-born theologian, helped establish it as the United States counterpart of the original Ecumenical Institute at Bossey, near Geneva, Switzerland.

In 1962, the institute merged with the Church Federation of Greater Chicago, and in the transition got a new faculty. Appointed as the dean was Joseph W. Mathews, a Methodist minister and director of studies at the experimental Christian Faith and Life Community in Austin, Texas, a research and training center working mostly with



David and Patricia Scott, a staff couple from Alabama, begin the day at 6:30 a.m. worship. The 29 family units of the institute's corporate ministry worship, live, work, and eat together. When adults leave chapel, they take up daily duties, Pat (right) as an English instructor at Marshall High School.

University of Texas students and people from surrounding churches.

Now the institute is incorporated separately to hold its own property, but it still is an operating auxiliary of the Church Federation. In 1964, it purchased the former campus of the Bethany Theological Seminary, complete with chapel and gym.

Ten families now form the core group, augmented by others who stay a year or more as interns. Currently, there are 50 adults and 22 children in the staff group. Their daily routine begins with corporate worship at 6:30 a.m., followed by breakfast, study, and rigorous daily schedules.

The corporate, unified approach is one of the institute's chief strengths. Each staff member, clergyman or layman, brings special skills to the community. Together they pool ideas and hammer out plans until there is a common mind, and usually a common way of expressing ideas.

Dean Mathews is uniquely able to muster highly skilled and dedicated persons. And they move out and act with unusual single-mindedness. One member, before joining the corporate ministry, was an East Harlem settlement-house worker and psychiatric aide at Yale University. Another was a Cook County (Chicago) public aid case-

worker, and before that a first-grade teacher in Dallas. A Ph.D. who has taught in Berlin is now on assignment as an instructor in humanities on the West Coast. Others include a free-lance television broadcaster, a former engineer, a photographer, and several artists.

The Urban Challenge

Institute staffers see today's urban revolution as a shift in attitudes rather than as something geographical or confined only to big cities. Today's revolutions, they say, are basically in the minds and attitudes of men. The institute addresses itself to problems that people everywhere have, whether in megalopolis or on a remote western ranch.

Education is the key to opening the church's treasure chest of resources that can make it a renewing body in today's world, the institute staff believes. This conclusion is firmly rooted in a decade of experience innovating in higher education.

In their process of study and research, they began teaching week-night courses in churches on Chicago's perimeter to educate laymen of many denominations about the current theological and cultural revolutions. They get beyond Sunday-school platitudes and plunge laymen deep into theology where, surprisingly, many have longed to

go. Most laymen in institute courses have heard of contemporary greats in the field of theology, like Tillich, Bultmann, and Bonhoeffer, but scarcely a one has read or seriously discussed any of their writings before coming to the institute.

In the Center for Urban Education, many types of programs and projects are modeled. "Education of the laity must be very concrete," Dean Mathews says. "It must start with how a man walking down Michigan Avenue feels about what it means to be a human being in the 20th century."

One goal of study courses is to make suburban people aware that a whole metropolitan area is one city, and that the suburb no longer can be a place of escape. In the fashion of Old Testament prophets, institute staffers tell suburbanites, "You suck the lifeblood out of the city and lush it up in the suburbs. The time has come to quit this and to begin helping solve the problems of the city—problems you have helped create by running away."

The institute began holding highly concentrated, 44-hour weekend study sessions on its campus in the spring of 1964. In these, the faculty creates a psychological jail—participants are tested and bombarded with ideas even at meals, and there is almost no letup. This is one place



where the institute's program gets particularly controversial.

Some feel that the faculty uses extreme methods. "They violate a person's insides," as one put it. Many feel that what they are exposed to is a kind of brainwashing. If pressed, the faculty admit to this charge, but they say, "All education is brainwashing. We brainwash in order that men might live before God as free men rather than before some narrow ideology."

In one recent group, a woman participant found this treatment so rough that she left before the weekend was over. Weeks later, her own church's study group was still debating whether the institute's means justified its ends.

Model for Congregations

A nationwide CBS news television program last October emphasized the institute projects designed to create new forms for local congregations in 20th-century cities. Nearly two years ago, a three-year pilot project was inaugurated to experiment with structures and programs for the local congregation. Currently, the Fifth City model of the church embraces three levels of congregational life: temple, stake, and guild.

The *temple* is the gathering place for the whole congregation, tem-



Whether Pat is helping small fry at the dinner table, leading the teachers' cadre (top right), or making nightly rounds to lock up outside doors (right), she knows she is a part of the inner-city community whose common mission is renewing the church. David, whose main job is recruiting for new programs, takes a 2 a.m. stint at operating the institute's one small press, which runs 24 hours a day during the busiest seasons.



porarily located in the institute's chapel. The *stake* is a marked-out neighborhood served by a "house-church," organized in an apartment house, a storefront, or a high-rise dwelling—wherever a place is available. The *guild* is a task force drawn from the total congregation to do a specific job. All three parts are interrelated and together make up the church.

Guilds have been formed to deal with particular local political, economic, and cultural issues. "The major concern of the guilds," the plan specifies, "is to attack with power the very specific problems having to do with the well-being of people."

One example is a preschool training and family development project, tied in with federal antipoverty programs. Members of the institute faculty carry out a demonstration school for culturally deprived preschool children and their families. One condition of any child's entry is responsible participation of the parents in a parallel adult-education program.

This program cares for children of working mothers, and also frees women on welfare to look for jobs in the hope of providing stable, income-producing homes. Families are related to the center through social workers who provide liaison to the homes. Regular teaching sessions with parents help them deal

with very practical child-guidance and home-management problems such as toilet habits, budget planning, and clothing selection.

Other projects are carried out through various cadres, which are trained groups working to train others for special assignments.

The clergy cadre, for example, is now in its second year. Its members are parish ministers in the metropolitan area. They maintain active communication with one another, hold regular meetings, maintain study disciplines and accountability among themselves. Last year they issued a "manifesto" outlining the needs of the area as they see them, the issues to be attacked, and the church image needed to do battle.

In another cadre for school-teachers, 10 men and women already involved in teaching were meeting regularly with others to study methods of "imaginal" education, a phrase referring not only to use of art forms but also to changing the ways people think about themselves. In all its activities, the institute staff tries to build into people the idea that they are responsible for themselves and must work to change bad conditions, rather than accepting all things as fate.

Still another organized cadre of 30 families is experimenting with new models for family living. Organized in the fall of 1964, after a weekend conference on "Marriage

and the Family," it is made up of persons from several denominations.

There also are programs involving elderly persons, college students, and high-school students in working cadres—youngsters of "the emerging generation." A person 14 to 21 years old "will never be more immersed in life than he is at this moment," institute faculty members point out.

Their Influence Spreads

While the institute is ideally located to serve metropolitan Chicago, its influence has rapidly spread across the nation, even overseas. Dean Mathews was in Rome last fall to meet with a group of laymen during the last session of the Vatican Council, then flew from there to Los Angeles to join other institute faculty members in conducting a series of courses in California churches on today's cultural-theological revolution. They have held sessions in New England, Ohio, and Arizona.

Even those who criticize certain aspects of the institute's program or its techniques readily admit that institute exposure does break up outmoded, irrelevant patterns of thought and helps give laymen "new eyes." As one minister put it, "We are pleased that the institute is here. It is tugging on the church to move ahead with the times, and it brings into sharp focus some unpleasant things about life today, things that need to be brought into relief and that the church needs to do something about."

All institute programs are based on the idea that the modern metropolis, whatever else it may be, is a human creation, and that its oppressions are man-made. The moral question, as they see it, is, "What kind of a world do you want to create?"

Through its highly disciplined, corporate-ministry approach, the institute is busy helping people of one depressed area to answer this question for themselves. In doing so, it also is serving as an experimental laboratory for the whole church—a laboratory from which we may learn much about functional forms for the church of the future. □

Reaching out from their metropolitan center, staff members take the program to suburban churchmen.





Joseph Mathews on Church Renewal

The Rev. Joseph Wesley Mathews heads Chicago's Ecumenical Institute. This unusual agency, an important experimental center for the training of laymen, is responding in unorthodox ways to today's challenge to renewal of the church. Out of his experience as a Methodist pastor, university professor, and U.S. Army chaplain, Dean Mathews initiates many—but not all—of the ideas which the institute's staff put into action. Typically outspoken, he answers Together's questions to outline basic concepts by which the institute operates.

Q. We hear a lot about church renewal. Just what is the health of the church today?

This is the 49th year of the renewal of the church, for which Swiss theologian Karl Barth rang the bell back in the early World War I days.

Awareness of the illness of the church finally broke in on us in the USA in the 1930s. After a decade of giddiness, we had the sobering experience of the first worldwide economic depression. Following it was the most impossible of all wars, World War II. Then, in the midst of that, man could no longer avoid an awareness that our civilization was in deep trouble.

The church experienced the same kind of reality. The social-gospel movement, up until the 1920s, was the creative end of another age. For the next 30 years the tendency was to analyze the illness of the church through psychology. We now use sociological cate-

gories. Today we need the courage and the power to interpret the meaning of humanness, the meaning of faith, in terms of a new kind of world view.

We have to look very seriously at the kind of historical revolution we are in. There is no solution to the church's problem, except as we understand with great clarity the radical transposition that has taken place in 20th-century civilization.

Our age calls for a new kind of faith. Although it is not going to be easy to describe, we already are beginning to see it. It is a mutation in the mind, in the intellect, in consciousness itself, which is breaking into the great drama that we call man. Nothing like this has happened before.

Q. What is the new situation for the church?

You have to understand the cultural revolution. It is bringing an alteration in human life through the scientific revolution, the urban-technological revolution, and alteration in human moods which we call the religious revolution, or the secular revolution, depending on how you look at it.

The old Newtonian concept of mechanical causation has outlived its usefulness as a metaphor for interpreting human relations. Its cause-and-effect idea explained man as simply a victim of his environment and heredity. Today we know that this is not so. Man is given the opportunity to change his environment.

Fundamentally, there has been a radical shift in mind-set from rural to urban. In the rural setting, we were limited; today the whole universe is open. In the past, life had a slow beat. You made one decision one day, and the next day you made another. Today it's just one decision after another.

The rural concept of neighborhoodness was face to face. Today, it must be much more than this. In urban society the only way you can be a neighbor is to lay down your life for the structures of justice that minister to the well-being of all people. You often don't get to know your next door neighbor, but that's not crucial. The important thing is that you offer him a new deal.

In the past, we thought the church was the place where you make gentlemen's agreements to like each other and not to disagree, to put it in extreme caricature, which anybody with one ounce of raw, red, human blood knew was for the birds and has nothing to do with the church. The church became a society of little old ladies of both sexes.

The clerics became the kept women. The laymen kept us happy because we served a function for them, living a life they wouldn't be caught dead living. And if we kept our nose clean, they would send us to Palestine once in a lifetime. Or if we were a Negro, they would give us a Cadillac.

Whereas the church should be the people who declare the word of Christ, we became the horrifying people who stood in the way of the very things that in our hearts we knew we were called to do.

The key to the secular revolution we are in is the recognition that every human activity and experience, whether we call it sacred or profane or right or wrong, derives from a single center. The big question is, how can the church best be the church within that situa-

tion? Therein lies the problem and glory of it today.

This thing is not to be dealt with just intellectually. The Holy Spirit is always out in front. Therefore, for the layman today, his problem is no longer "Who am I?" even if he has never heard of that question. His problem is, "How can I mix the creative stuff of my being significantly with history?" Or it is the question of vocation.

Q. Is the task of the church today to try to engage people through their vocations instead of through the neighborhood, as the church has been trying to do it?

No, I don't think so. The word vocation does not mean how you earn a living. It means something like this: I've been given the unbelievable, glorious, frightening gift of living and dying my one death in civilization. Just think of that! Therefore, this means that I either commit suicide by allowing my death to be died by death, or I pick up my death and commit crucifixion. Nothing pious or religious about this. I give my life to bend history. I don't know how else to put it.

The spirit question is, how does a person beat the rap of committing slow suicide by letting life eat him up? In faith, a man is sent into the world to be the church. Outside of faith, he is simply hurled into existence.

Q. Do you see the structure of church life as we now know it changing drastically?

My heavens, yes; it already has! If you even remotely subscribe to what I have said, and if you begin with the theological assumption that God is *one*, then you can be sure that if he is going to upheave the forces of civilization, he's going to work a corresponding upheaval within his people. To be the church is a unique enterprise in every given time in history. We have to forge brand new images of what it means to be God's people.

Q. What do you see wrong with the church today?

In terms of the kind of analysis I've been giving you, it can be stated rather briefly. We are reluctant to surrender the security of patterns that met a previous situation in order to meet the present situation. The moment I do something that I think works pretty well, I want to sit down and find my security in that, rather than hastening on to see what the Lord is doing next. That might require me to forge a brand new response! I think this is the key to what's wrong.

Of course, the church has had to forge brand new operational images of itself in every age. From the Reformer's image of the 16th century, we Protestants took the idea that our task was to call into question every person and institution in civilization, offering them the promise that if they would come to terms with illusions they held about themselves, they would discover new possibilities of life. I think that is a statement similar to what Tillich called "the Protestant principle."

About the time of the close of the U.S. Civil War, the American church began the great perversion of that image. It tried to persuade the status quo forces

encroaching on it that it was merely a servant, a specialized institution that didn't address all of man's activity.

This loss of a sense of outgoing destiny took the form of our becoming defenders of truth. Whenever you feel that you have to defend God, you can be sure it is not God you are defending. We merely became defenders of some private truth which was really a former age's articulation of the mighty happenings of faith.

Then there is institutionalism. Now, you don't want to fall into the error of Rousseau here and say that institutions are evil in themselves. Institutionalism, it seems to me, is bad when its structures operate only to accomplish those things which are compatible with the structures. When this happens, the wheels of possibility within the group turn simply to maintain the motion of those wheels.

The third thing is the whole idea of togetherness. The secular forms of escape from life helped us along here. People thought that the way you handle the loneliness of being in a transitional age is to huddle together in some sense of mutual appreciation. Whole psychological theories were built upon this. The church bought them and entrenched them in the rural mind-set of the past.

Q. What can be saved out of the church, as it is, and what should be changed?

Well, if you don't mind my being very blunt, to put the question that way is to put it falsely. You never ask, "What can be saved?" If we do this, it is just further evidence of turning in on ourselves. No, we ask the question, "What doth the Lord require of us?"

As for the institutional church, all of it can go if none of it serves today's needs. The only things that need to be conserved are the things that can be used. If the Woman's Society or men's club is a useful tool, then use it. If it isn't, let it die. If preaching is still a tool of being radically obedient, use it. If not, abandon it.

Today, any lucid person in Jesus Christ understands that there are two alternatives relative to renewal of the church. One is that the church has been said "no" to by God. Therefore, the awakened man of faith must operate outside the institutional structures of the past, creating the new forms, new structures. Several leaders have chosen that alternative.

The other alternative is to believe that the church is renewable from within, and this on several levels. But when it is renewed, a metamorphosis—and I mean a complete change not just renewal—shall have taken place. We at the Ecumenical Institute are fanatics at the point that the church is renewable from within.

Whichever alternative you choose, whether to operate outside or inside the structures, you will be dealing with a new manifestation of God's people. Neither one is preferable to the other in relationship to the divine activity. And you know something? Only the Lord knows which one of these practical decisions is correct. But those who use past patterns of Methodism as their patterns today and try only to conserve them, why they aren't even making a choice. They are simply conserving the status quo.

Q. Why do you take your particular stance?

For several reasons. First, I'm a revolutionary. The Communist Party would give its right arm for access to a "cigar box with a steeple on it" at every crossroad and village, where people at least meet once a week. A guy who overlooks that setup as an operational base doesn't know what it means to be a revolutionary.

Second, I'm a Methodist. Mother Methodism suckled me at her bosom. I heard from her the good news that I had divine permission to be in history. Not only that, she brought me in her life to where I grasped that I had a loyalty beyond Methodism, which is to say she introduced me to God. She nourished me. Methodism has supported me all these years.

Some people say to me, "Methodism won't put up with you." They're crazy! Methodism *has* put up with me. She has never disowned me. I'm one of her sons. Even when I say *no*, she supports me.

But I'm just one of hundreds. In four years, the whirlpools of renewal around our country in the local congregation are going to be flowing like rivulets. In 12 years, the renewal will be like a mighty tide.

Q. Is the local church the focal point for renewal?

The heartbeat of the historical church has always been the local congregation, but it has had a million and one forms. The forces of renewal, in one sense, began in the local church, and this is a part of the lay movement of our time.

Let me say it this way: These are the social dynamics of Stalin, and it seems to me they are just tremendous. Of course, he was a reductionist, like all Marxists. But if we correct his reductionism, he says that new conditions of history break into being through the elite group with a vision—a new vision of the possibility of the condition of history. Their job is to formulate their vision into communicable images and models.

Then the second task is that these models must be communicated to the masses. This is a horrifying educational job. That is why the local congregation is the focal point in the revolution. It is a practical revolution, and the layman, mark you well, is the only one that is going to embody that society. This is the ministry of the laity. Laymen have to discover concretely what it means to be the church in civilization. This means they have to be trained.

Q. Aren't you a training institution as well as a research center?

Basically, we are not in any business but research. Training is for the sake of research. But we have to do training to convince a minister that you can train laymen. It is hard for him to be convinced.

Our ideal setup is to have a group of laymen come in for weekend seminars along with clergymen. An amazing thing is that recruiting laymen for this is no problem. There is a ripeness in our time. This year we have run some 5,000 people through our programs here and around the nation. And, however pretentious it may sound, we think our record of success is about 97 percent.

Let any church send us 30 laymen for a week-

end, and we will send back 29 awakened, revolutionary people.

Q. You say that the clergy must train the laity. But who is going to train the clergy for their task?

The seminaries should be the training forces. The only trouble is, they are not doing the job. They know this. I feel the institutional church really ought to be supporting places like ours, which can be centers of practical research. Of course, they would then have to keep their hands off us if they expect us to do the job. If they can't do that, then they might just as well create another seminary.

Q. What ought the church to do about the shortage of clergymen that everybody is worried about?

The answer is simple but very difficult. Every half-awakened guy and his brother is out to engage himself in civilization in a meaningful way. Let the church begin to show evidence that she is concerned not about herself but about humanity—willing to sacrifice herself for the sake of humanity, to move seriously in terms of renewal—and, my Lord, the young ones will flock to the ministry.

Q. What will the church be like that meets the challenge of our time?

I think it will be residential, or at least geographical in some such sense as this:

It will have as its center a temple, perhaps a church building, perhaps no more than a pile of rocks where the great celebration on behalf of all civilization takes place and where certain co-ordinating activities take place. Second, this center will be surrounded by stakes, as the Mormons call them, or synagogues, to use Hebrew terminology. These are the house churches. I'm afraid of that term, however, because it has been getting sentimentalized. But it is where the people gather for disciplined worship, disciplined study, and disciplined plotting, planning, and scheming together.

The third level of the local congregation will be the guilds. By this I mean a number of task forces that attack the social issues in the area. At the moment this congregation accepts the charge by God to be his people, they will push into the political, economic, and cultural aspects of life.

Not any one of those three levels is the congregation in the traditional sense—the whole web of it is.

Q. What about preaching and worship?

Well, worship, of course. In our day something tremendous has happened in that the secular world has discovered the importance of symbols. No man can be an authentic person until, in a disciplined fashion, he can dramatize his self-understanding. So worship is the very key.

Proclamation, the verbalization of the good news that all is good, that you are totally accepted, that everything is approved, that the future is possible and open—that has to be done. I *already know* that I am accepted, but I *do not really know* it until I hear my brother say it. So the proclamation must be there.

But that thing called preaching we do on Sunday morning, I think that is finished. I think people will gather at the temple, let us say, only about every other week, once a month, or Easter and Christmas. And this is already the trend in suburban churches. The number of people who attend every Sunday is very low. Probably the Sunday morning service will not be the operational center of gravity.

Q. Should we abolish Sunday-morning sermons?

I think my answer would be yes, but I would want to qualify it. I think it has to turn into what we call a witness, which is a very, very brief statement of a possibility. This would be a part of the worship drama itself. Some tremendous experiments of this sort are going on.

Q. One of the time-consuming jobs of the local pastor is counseling. Does this model you speak of include this aspect of a pastor's work?

My first answer to that is *no*, with capital letters and six exclamation points! And then I would want to say yes in a soft voice. The *day before yesterday* was the psychological period in the church, when all of us had to get on top of the vacuum, the suffocation, and the drought in our life. Today that isn't even where the problem is.

The best kind of counseling is from layman to layman. They are far better at it, if they have any idea what the Gospel is, and if they have its self-understanding. Most psychological problems, short of those that require the technical help of the trained psychiatrist, can be solved within the congregation, and particularly in its symbolic life—the worship service.

Q. What is the minister's role in this pattern?

His role is that of the pedagogue. He should be relieved of the necessity of having to earn his living, *per se*, so that he can do the kind of study that has to be done for the sake of the total congregation. He is the teacher of the laymen. Taken seriously, this is a very complex and difficult work.

Q. What can laymen actually do in renewal of the church that we have been talking about?

When an elite cadre moves out from the status quo, calling it into question and dreaming new visions, these are the ones who lay down their lives on behalf of the mass of humanity. History never has been without the people of God, and it is not now and never shall be. The people of God are those who move out into the twilight zone, onto the beachheads, those who throw their bodies over the barbed wire, calling upon the mass of humanity to move into greater possibilities of humanness. And while they move, they declare the one word without which no human being has ever been a human being and never will. That is the word of Jesus Christ.

Every man, therefore, from the beginning of time to this moment, has had to decide whether he is going to be only *among* God's people—and everybody is God's people—or whether he is going to be *of* the people of God. □

Teens Together

By DALE WHITE

MY MAIL brings many letters which begin, "I have a problem. Will you please help me?" Often the letters seem to say, "Just tell me what to do to make my problem vanish, and I will do it."

Have you faced the fact that many problems have no easy answer? We are accustomed to quiet miracles these days. With the advance of modern medicine, illnesses which caused pain and even death a generation ago now find easy solution. Braces straighten crooked teeth and bones. Counselors and ministers have new training in helping to unravel emotional or family troubles.

We sometimes get the idea that every problem could be solved if only somebody would *do* something. But some problems will not go away. Wishing will not make them change. Prayer brings no sudden miracles.

For instance, a girl writes to say that her parents have fought for years. Many nights she has cried herself to sleep. She feels torn between the two persons she loves most deeply. Now she is worried about her younger brother, who seems unable to cope with the family turmoil. She has tried everything, and nothing works. No marriage counselors are available, and her parents refuse to see a minister.

This girl is helpless to mend the broken ties between her parents. Many teen-agers in similar situations find that their efforts to help simply arouse resentment. This girl can increase her capacity to live with her situation, however. Through long talks with close friends, a minister, a youth counselor, she can work through the grief, anger, and fear she often feels. Understanding adults at school and at church will offer support, affection, and guidance.

Fortunately, life moves swiftly during the teen years. Time takes care of many of the most painful teen-age dilemmas. "What a difference a day makes," says the song. Junior-high worries bring senior-high smiles. Broken hearts mend, and new friends replace those lost. Graduation comes, and with it new opportunity and new surroundings. New problems come, too, but at least they are different ones.

"But I will go crazy if something is not done soon," a boy writes. He probably will not. God has built amazing reserves into the human spirit.

Qa

Please send me information on where I can find a home for unwed mothers. It is very important that I receive this information as soon as possible.—B.A.

A call to your family doctor is usually the best way to begin. You may also want to look in the yellow pages of the telephone book. Look for "Services for Unwed Mothers," or "Florence Crittenton Home." If these are not listed, call any social-welfare agency for advice.

If you are writing on your own behalf, I recommend that you enlist the help of your parents right away. As embarrassing as it may be to tell them, there is really no other way. Your parents may be hurt and angry at first, but their counsel and support will prove indispensable.

Qa

We are three girls, age 16. We have fair intelligence, average looks, good personalities, and are neat in appearance. Our problem is dating in a town where all the boys go for fast girls. We have high moral standards and refuse to lower them. We attend many youth activities, but we do not want to wait until age 20 to have our first date!—S.A.

If what you say about the boys in your town is true, I am sorry. Your letter reminds me of a girl in another town, who said to me with bitterness, "I never date any more. Boys are after only one thing." I am sure it is never true that *all* boys in any town expect girls to lower their standards as the price of a date. Yet a vocal minority can sometimes cause unhealthy attitudes and behavior patterns to spread across a community or a school.

Few young people realize that in their decisions they are shaping not only their own lives, but the social climate in which they must live. Then sometimes they see cherished values wither in a hostile climate of their own making. In communities where boys insist that girls lower their standards, we see unhappy results. A battle of



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz
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"Standing way up here makes me realize how insignificant man is, and how stupid you and I are, because now we don't know how to get down again."

the sexes tends to develop in which boys and girls are suspicious of each other's motives. Many a young man in such a situation grows up with scarred spirits, and later finds it difficult to relate to a woman, even his wife, with sensitive understanding. Some girls later find it hard to give themselves in love to the man of their choice.

Many girls take the route you are forced to take; they do not date at all, and miss the important social learnings which dating could provide.

Can you work to change the pattern? Why should a fast crowd be



Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

What is the 'scandal of the cross'? The word "scandal" has good roots in both Latin (stumbling block) and Greek (trap). Some translators give us the words of Jesus (Luke 7:23) as, "Happy is the man who does not find me a stumbling block," and others, "Blessed is he who finds no scandal in me." Phillips has it: "Happy is the man who never loses his faith in me."

The cross was not pretty; it was bloody and dirty. Jesus was not executed, with dignity and honor, between two political prisoners but between two thieves. There was much that was inhumanly indecent about the circumstances, but everything about the victim was divinely triumphant.

The scandal, trap, stumbling block, peril for us is that we idealize and allegorize the cross, forgetting its tragic, inescapable reality for that world and ours.

What is 'scientism'? Although the word first meant the means and methods of men of science, it has been limited lately to a scientific cult teaching that scientific knowledge is the only genuine, dependable knowledge. Knowledge that comes by faith is ruled out, although the scientific method, with its dependence on hypotheses, is a tremendous venture of faith.

The supernatural in Christianity cannot be subjected to authentication by natural standards and processes. Thus, Christianity sees science in its proper place, but not in the only place.

What is a Christian name? A first or second (sometimes a third) name given at christening (different from Baptism, which means purification) and distinguished from the last, or surname (the family name).

In Bible usage, the name is linked closely with the personality. For example, Joshua means "savior" or "deliverer," and Emmanuel means "God with us" and, of course, Peter means "rock man." A change in character or status brought a change in name (Simon to Peter). People also were named for their traits (Esau means "hairy"), for plants and animals (Caleb means "dog"), for places and events.

The name above every name is that of Jesus, so called because he saves his people from their sins (Matthew 1:21).

"Increasingly, preachers are setting up question periods after their sermons," reports Bishop T. Otto Nall, episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area. "They are popular and helpful."

allowed to set the pace? In some communities "teen codes" have been developed. Parents, youth, and school officials meet together to develop guidelines of acceptable conduct. You also may wish to plan small, chaperoned parties in your homes, to which a few boys are invited. Put a lot of creative thought into decorations, games, refreshments. Scheme a little bit!

You may need to do some self-examination. Perhaps your dateless state is partly of your own doing. I remember three girls in one youth group who did everything together. None dared to go anyplace unless the others went. Everyone called them the Three Musketeers. A boy had no chance to ask one of them for a date, since the others were always along. Maybe the three of you make such a formidable clique that no mere boy dares to face you.



I am a boy, 15, with a terrible problem. I like other boys very much. I cannot control myself in gym. I must go up and touch them. They say if I do it again, they will tell the coach. What shall I do? Please help me.—G.W.

I can understand your worry over behavior which you cannot understand and find hard to control. Most of us go through a stage in life when we are strongly attracted to persons of the same sex. When such feelings persist into the teen years with the strength you describe, professional advice usually is needed.

May I suggest that you consult your family physician soon? He may wish to refer you to a trained counselor or other specialist. Such an understanding person can advise you on the nature of your problem and help you overcome it.

Meanwhile, avoid situations where you cannot control your actions. Perhaps your physician will write a note asking that you be excused from gym for medical reasons.



I am a boy 16. My problem is hereditary. My grandfather and father lost almost all their hair by age 18, and now it is happening to me. What can I do?—A.P.

Have you seen a competent medical specialist? He may suggest treatment which will slow down the process, even though heredity plays a part.

Probably you are worried about losing friends because of your appearance. This need not happen, not if you rise above your shyness and participate with enthusiasm in the social activities and service projects of your age group.

At college age, it will be even easier. I know many college students who are partially bald, and who are very popular on campus. They also date some lovely girls. I hope you will not complicate things by taking the situation too seriously.



I am a girl, 14. When I see this boy I am so happy I forget about everything. I worry about him when he plays football. I am a wreck! Can you tell me if I am in love?—G.B.

The symptoms sound familiar.



I'm a girl of 14. I like a boy 19. People tell him he is robbing the cradle when he likes me. I tell him he should follow his own judgment. He thinks he should stop seeing me because of what his friends say. Who is right?—B.S.

Perhaps you are mature for your age, and see nothing unusual about dating an older boy. Girls often like older boys, who seem so poised, go to exciting places, and carry on interesting conversations. Even to be noticed by an older boy seems like such a compliment. And what stories you can tell the other girls!

But the fact that his friends are raising questions should make both of you stop and think. The advice of teenage friends cannot always be trusted completely, especially when it goes against the wishes of respected adults. And yet, when I counsel young people in trouble, I often find that their friends had warned them long ago that their relationship was unhealthy or their behavior unwise.

Also, you should know that adults generally frown on a girl 14 dating a boy so much older. And adults usually have good reasons, believe it or not.



Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments. And he will respond through Teens Together. Write to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.—EDITORS

Those Summer Plans:

It's Later Than You Think

VACATION may seem a long way off, but for students who want summer jobs, now is the time to start looking. And while opportunities for service can be found around the world, don't overlook those provided by your own church.

Local churches frequently need summer help during vacations of regular staff members. Conference camps employ counselors, swimming instructors, kitchen helpers, and guards. Methodist hospitals and homes often have a variety of summer jobs for high-school and college students. And if you like travel, there are volunteer summer social-service and work opportunities that can take you outside the continental United States.

Many church-related vacation jobs compare favorably with opportunities in business and industry for experience and working conditions. Most offer the plus value of service and personal development.

Here is a partial list of church-related opportunities and how to find out more about them:

1. *Paid local-church jobs.* You must have appropriate skills to fill in as vacation secretary, receptionist, organist, or recreation leader. For information on openings, contact your pastor, the council of churches in your city, or the secretary of your conference board of education.

2. *Home-church volunteer work.* Volunteer work can have practical value in the future by providing needed work experience. Its principal value, of course, is as Christian service.

Does your vacation church school need helpers? Does your church need help in lawn care, clerical chores, repairs, remodeling? Does a church day camp need teachers' assistants, recreation leaders, handicraft instructors? Ask your pastor.

3. *Paid jobs beyond the local church.*

Six weeks experience in a mission project may lead you to consider a later career in a church vocation.

Fifty to 60 college juniors and seniors will serve in National Division projects such as community centers, children's homes, and rural and inner-city ministries. Travel,

room and board, and \$20 a week are provided. Write to Miss Joyce Gillilan, Office of Missionary Personnel, Room 1373, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.

For details about opportunities in institutions for children, the aged, and the sick, write to the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, 1200 Davis St., Evanston, Ill. 60201.

4. *Volunteer work beyond the local church.* You can combine volunteer service with travel by participating in work camps, community service projects, study seminars, fellowships, and student exchanges.

Work-camp enrollments and special-service projects are limited. You may have to pay part or all of your expenses. Your first contact is your pastor, or the director of your Student Foundation or Wesley group. Information may be obtained from the Rev. Theodore McEachern, Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

The Methodist Student Movement will sponsor community work in Mexico and an inner-city project in New Orleans. Write to the Rev. Robert A. Davis, Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

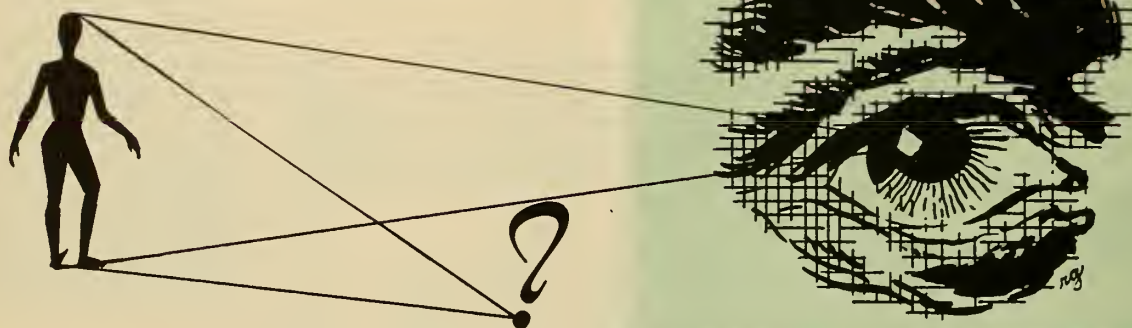
Also on the MSM agenda are opportunities for service and study in New York City, and community organizing in Morris County, N.J. Your source is Dr. William B. Gould, Methodist Board of Missions, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.

The MSM is again sponsoring a students-in-government program. Write to the Rev. Jack Corbett, Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, 100 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Ecumenical work camps afford mature students opportunities to live and work in foreign countries. For a listing of projects sponsored by many organizations and denominations, order *Invest Your Summer* (25¢) from Ecumenical Voluntary Service, Room 753, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y., 10027.

More information about Methodist projects is contained in the free bulletin, *Summer Service 1966*. Address the Service Department, Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

—CAROL M. DOIG



The *Mystery* of Faith

By RICHARD P. MATHISON
Pastor, Endion Community Methodist Church,
Duluth, Minnesota

IN FRANZ Kafka's novel *The Castle*, the main character, known only as "K," arrives at the castle of the count. Laboriously, tediously, meticulously, he makes investigations and inquiries concerning the count, who is never seen.

K finally figures out that the count is actually no longer alive, even though all the people continue to act and talk as if he were. Then it begins to dawn upon the reader that the count is really God.

In Arthur Miller's drama *After the Fall*, the lawyer is appalled one day to realize that he is pleading his life's case before an empty bench. "I think now that my disaster really began," he says, "when I looked up one day—and the bench was empty. No judge in sight. And all that remained was the endless argument with oneself—this pointless litigation of existence before an empty bench."

This literature raises for us the question: Is God still alive? Or do we live out our lives in the hollow courtroom of a world where the judge has disappeared? The questions keep coming: Is there a God? What is he like? Where is he? Is there really a heaven for the loved one who leaves us? Must mystery remain?

"I believe in Jesus Christ, God's only Son . . ." A crowd of 5,000 listens to the Master teach. With a little bread and a couple fish, he feeds them all. Did he really perform miracles?

What about the Buddhists? And the Hindus? And the Jews? And those who have never heard? Must the mystery remain? In the face of all the unanswered questions, what are we going to say?

Facing Alternatives

Some extreme possibilities are open to you. One is simply to declare that if you had enough faith, you would not ask so many questions. Or you could throw religion overboard. But there is another possibility that I would ask you to see: *mystery is at the heart of faith, and we would not want it otherwise.*

You can begin by asking why we are so bothered by the mysterious in religion. Simply because they are faced with unanswered questions, why do some folks set religion aside like an old shoe and go on to something else?

Some explain their reaction by saying they will not believe in anything they do not understand. The questions are unending, it is true, and the answers escape. But what do we understand? Love? Birth? Death? Science?

"Science never proves anything in an absolute sense," says Dr. Vannevar Bush, renowned scientist and honorary chairman of the board of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "It works by processes of induction and deduction. . . . Science . . . has come a long way in delineating the probable nature of the universe. . . . It even enters into the mechanism by which the brain itself operates. Then it comes to the questions of consciousness and free will—and there it stops. . . . Science proves nothing absolutely. On the most vital questions, it does not even produce evidence."¹

¹ From *Science Pauses*, published by Fortune magazine, May, 1965. Used by permission.—EDITORS

So it could be that it is not just in the realm of religion that we believe some things we do not understand. Those who would turn to the world of science, finding there something to believe because they can understand it, might pause to contemplate just how far we have gone.

We have thrilled at the accomplishments of astronauts like Conrad and Cooper. But consider this: They went up about a hundred miles. If they had gone 1860 times that far, they would have been only as far away as light travels in one second. And light from the stars has been on its way to us, not for one second but for thousands of years. It may yet be that God is somewhat greater than we are!

The Search for Proof

Others who toss religion aside express their reason in a slightly different way. They say, "The evidence is inconclusive; there are other alternatives." You hear questions like, "Can you prove there is a God? Who am I to say that Christ is better than Mohammed or Buddha? Don't you know that some pagans live better lives than some Christians? I will not believe until I have conclusive proof."

But when is the evidence about anything ever absolutely final? When is there ever no argument on the other side?

Someone put it this way: "Every classroom from here to Melbourne has echoed with the feeble phrases of academic indecision: 'There are two schools of thought on this question, and the truth probably lies halfway between them.' When you hear this sentence repeated, or when you are tempted to repeat it yourself, remember that the truth may lie between two extremes, but it assuredly does not lie halfway between right and wrong.

"Don't short-circuit your curiosity by assuming that you have found the answer when you have only made a tidy list of possible answers. Dedication to curiosity should not end in indecision. It should, in fact, mean willingness to follow the mind into difficult decisions."

This is not an invitation to go off half-cooked. It is not a request to quit asking questions. It is a realistic assertion that all the evidence about anything will never be in.

If you are going to marry, you cannot forever run to the far corners of the earth making sure there is not someone else somewhere who would make a better mate. All the evidence will never be in, and mystery will remain.

If you are going to buy a house, you cannot forever go searching around to make sure there is not somewhere a better house.

If you are ever going to build a church, you cannot forever go on wondering if you have planned the best one or made all the right decisions.

If you are ever going to vote in an election, you cannot forever wonder which is the best candidate.

If you are ever going to have a religious faith, you cannot forever limp from Jesus to Buddha to Mohammed and back again. All the evidence will never be in and mystery will remain

Mystery Is Part of Life

Everywhere you look, you see that mystery is a part of life. To ask that religion have no mystery is to ask something of religion that we do not ask of the rest of life.

This is not to ask you to believe what is obviously untrue. If my religion asks me to believe witch doctors are better than Mayo doctors, or to think that if I go too far out on the lake, I will fall off because the earth is flat, then I will reject that religion.

All we are saying is that there is something more to life than can be finally analyzed in a test tube or a mathematical formula, or the last statement of a logical syllogism.

There is more to love than a fast-beating heart. There is more to a sunset over a lake than rays of light and H₂O. There is more to a sizzling steak than a hunk of dead cow. And there is more to any religion worth its salt than even the most brilliant of theologians will ever be able to explain.

Mystery is at the heart of our faith, and we would not have it otherwise. Take away the mystery and you have taken away something worthwhile.

An old silent movie shows a man trying to get at the fruit of an artichoke. He tosses layer after layer madly to the ground. Finally, there is nothing left, for the layers are the fruit. The caption says, "In his haste, he has destroyed the very thing for which he was looking." It is like Charlie Weaver said once, "The trouble with a banana is that by the time you've taken off the skin and thrown away the bone, there's nothing left!"

Throw away the mystery in religious faith and you have destroyed a crucial part of it. When all was said and done, Job got no answer to the age-old question of suffering.

And there were no answers to other interminable questions which God hurled at him. "Where were you when I laid the foundation of the earth?" Job had no answers, and mystery remained. But Job had something more important—the knowledge that he was man and God was God:

"I know that thou canst do all things, and that no purpose of thine can be thwarted."

What finally counted was not an answer to his question but a God for his life. Mystery remained for Job, but it was better than if he had found a God that he could hold in his hand like a pet kitten.

When Jacob of the Old Testament left the home of his father-in-law, his wife Rachel stole the household gods, packed them up and carried them away.

Mystery will remain, thank God! Ah, Rachel! Ah, 20th-century man! Take your tin gods if you want them. But wouldn't you rather turn to the God of the hymn writer?

*Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,*

*Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render: O help us to see
'Tis only the splendor of light hideth Thee.*

—No. 64, *The Methodist Hymnal*

Looks at NEW Books

FAMILY (Ridge Press/Macmillan, \$10) weaves pictures and text into a powerful study of relationships among mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, grandparents, and friends around the world.

Photographer Ken Heyman took the perceptive pictures over a seven-year period during which he traveled to 45 countries. The text is by distinguished anthropologist Margaret Mead, who writes simply and beautifully, with insight that has grown through 40 years of study, research, and teaching.

The most interesting part of the book is Dr. Mead's chapter on adolescents. Recognizing the surging revolution of young people who are seeking a new place in a new kind of world, she considers the knowledge leap that has made the child more at home in the world of technology than his parents. Young people, sensing adult uncertainty, are pressing harder for full participation in life. From their viewpoint, they are simply asking for full citizenship, and the right to be men and women immediately.

But Dr. Mead, aware of the need to prolong the freedom of adolescence if man is to keep pushing back the frontiers of knowledge, believes fulfillment of the young people's demands would put the clock back rather than forward. For this would reinstate a kind of world in which all young

people would be set to work at sober, confining tasks as soon as they were able to undertake them.

For long ages, Dr. Mead reminds us, the prospect opening from childhood closed almost at once. When childhood was stretched only a few years, man was set free to learn a little; and when adolescence was prolonged earlier civilizations were able to leap ahead.

What astronauts are to space Jacques-Yves Cousteau is to that blue-green, coral-tinted, little-known realm under the sea. No other man has explored the ocean so thoroughly, photographed it so well, told about it in such vivid detail, adapted to it with such scientific ingenuity. His latest book, *World Without Sun* (Harper & Row, \$10), is largely an account of man's first undersea colony.

Oceanauts now live for weeks on the sea floor, housed in fantastic head-

quarters, breathing an atmosphere of helium and oxygen. In Cousteau's case, the sea dwellers carried on underwater research in "Conshelf Two," which is short for Continental Shelf Station No. 2, under the Roman Reef in the Red Sea.

Edited by James Dugan, *World Without Sun* is profusely illustrated, as are most of the Cousteau books. In all, there are 102 pictures in color, 140 in black and white. Many of these resemble scenes from another world—as indeed they are!

Billy Graham would not agree with Joseph Mathews of Chicago's Ecumenical Institute [page 47] about the way we should try to accomplish the mission of the church. The renowned evangelist writes in *World Aflame* (Doubleday, \$3.95): "I am convinced that if the church went back to its main task of preaching the Gospel and getting people converted to Christ



"The father's desire for immortality, whatever form it may take, is essentially embodied in his son," writes Margaret Mead in Family. Ken Heyman took this picture in the U.S.



Walk where Jesus walked in Old Jerusalem

This is the Via Dolorosa, the Way of the Cross. It twists through picturesque cobblestone streets, between ancient walls. But the walls and the streets seem to disappear, and you are swept with the single thought: *He walked here too.*

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Virtually all of religious history is capsuled in historic Jordan, the Holy Land, a country no bigger than Indiana. At the end of the Via Dolorosa is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Outside

the old walls of Jerusalem is the Garden of Gethsemane, whose venerable olive trees may have been growing in His day. The Mount of Olives is etched on the horizon. Bethlehem is twenty minutes away. To the east lies the Dead Sea, where the earliest Biblical manuscripts were found. Just forty-five minutes from Jordan's capital, Amman, lie ancient Jerash and the hills of Gilead where Jacob wrestled with the angel.

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it would have far more impact on the social structure of the nation than it can have in any other thing it could possibly do."

Dr. Graham believes it is right for the church to thunder prophetically against issues it knows are wrong, such as racial injustice, crime, gambling, dishonesty, and pornography; but he is not so sure that the corporate body of the church has a right to make political decisions, and he feels that the redemptive mission of the church is usually lost amidst social pronouncements emanating from assemblies of the major Protestant denominations.

World Aflame is a blunt-spoken, hard-hitting statement of Dr. Graham's concept of the Christian faith and the Christian church amidst world tensions that indicate to him that the end of the world may be near.

"It is perhaps one of the rarest paradoxes in Russian history that Siberia's illimitable potential was first recognized, not by the exalted hierarchy that stood to profit most from the country's development but by a jolly, 43-year-old American gold-dust broker with an appreciative eye for the ladies, Perry McDonough Collins."

Harmon Tupper tells us this in *To the Great Ocean* (Little, Brown, \$8.95) and devotes one chapter of his 536-page book on the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway to the American. Collins suggested a steam railway from Chita to Irkutsk and, while the Russians rejected his proposal, he went on to pile up a fortune from an international telegraph line that never carried a message.

To the Great Ocean is crammed with a wealth of such detail, and the insights it offers into the history of Sino-Russian relations as the Russian Empire expanded eastward help explain present-day tensions over Russian-Chinese boundary lines.

The book mirrors the chaos that followed the Bolshevik Revolution and goes into the unsuccessful efforts of the World War I Allies, including the United States, to help the White Russians in their unsuccessful fight against the Bolsheviks between 1917 and 1920. And, of course, it gives a dramatic account of man's battle in a stubborn land to build the world's longest continuous railway.

The highest function of education, believes University of California sociology professor Edgar Z. Friedenberg, is helping people to understand the meaning of their lives and become more sensitive to the meaning of other people's lives so they can relate to them more fully.

In *Coming of Age in America* (Random House, \$5.95), he considers

the job American schools are doing to equip young people with this understanding and finds it badly wanting. He blames a society that prefers the kind of man who has never examined the meaning of his life against the context in which he lives. Such a society is bound to believe it has a youth problem, he comments drily, and: "For its own sake, and the sake of its social future, one can only pray that it really does have."

Among his proposals for realigning our educational system to do a better job, he suggests more different types of schools, including boarding schools for the culturally deprived.

Adherents of strict separation of church and state will be disturbed by his proposal that church-related schools should receive public support. Educators may not agree with him that the teaching cadre should be both upgraded—and reduced. And parents of teen-agers will be inclined to reject his belief that adolescents are consistently disparaged and prevented from forming a conception of themselves strong enough to resist disparagement. The mother or father who has just faced the withering scorn of their adolescent offspring may feel that the truth is just the reverse.

Nevertheless, I hope everybody reads this book. Dr. Friedenberg is an original thinker who looks at our society with clear, if skeptical, eyes.

The *Peanuts* gang is back with us in *Sunday's Fun Day, Charlie Brown* (Holt, Rinehart, Winston, \$1), and if the thought of winter is getting you down, you may take heart from Sally's definition of happiness: "Happiness is catching snowflakes on your tongue." Or maybe you would rather just become company to Snoopy's misery. He shivers and shakes, and plows through the snow to get the broom to sweep the snow off the roof of his doghouse; by the time he has returned the broom to his friend Charlie Brown the roof is drifted white again.

In any case, it is always fun to look in on the doings of the amazing small fry created by Charles M. Schulz.

Rachel Carson died before she was able to complete *The Sense of Wonder* (Harper & Row, \$5.95), but for the slim volume we do have, we can be grateful. Miss Carson had an almost magical capacity to convey her own awareness of the mysteries of earth, sea, and sky, for she was both scientist and sensitive writer.

In this last book, she set out to show how a parent can imbue his child with a sense of wonder so indestructible that it will last a lifetime. It is largely a matter of keeping what the child already has, for: "A child's world is fresh and new and beautiful," she

wrote, "full of wonder and excitement. It is our misfortune that for most of us that clear-eyed vision, that true instinct for what is beautiful and awe-inspiring, is dimmed and even lost before we reach adulthood."

If the child is to keep this inborn sense, he needs the companionship of at least one adult who can share it and rediscover with him the joy, excitement, and mystery of the world we live in, said Miss Carson. And for both child and parent, it is not half so important to know as to feel. Once the emotions have been aroused, then we wish for knowledge.

The evocative text is liberally illustrated by pictures in black and white and in color, most of them taken by photographer Charles Pratt.

Via Dolorosa

No dim cathedral necessarily
contains the answer, nor dispersed
incense,
nor altar lights, nor somber company
of holy men brings penitence.

Accept the Sacrament if, doing so,
you know that only in humility
rebirth is possible, that there is no
detour around Gethsemane.

—Robert B. Taft

History-minded young people will enjoy *The Lewis and Clark Trail* (Harper & Row, \$5.95), in which Calvin Tomkins re-creates the expedition that opened the Northwest. A map section in the back invites us to follow the same trail ourselves, setting forth from St. Louis, Mo., as Lewis and Clark did in 1804, and winding over prairie and mountain to what is now the Oregon Coast.

In 1805, just 15 months after Lewis and Clark left St. Louis, Lieut. Zebulon Pike headed up the Mississippi from the same city to lay America's claim to the northern third of the newly purchased Louisiana Territory. The border he established has remained for more than a century and a half, although blunders kept him from accomplishing minor aims.

Pike, however, is better known for his expedition to find the source of the Arkansas River, which took him to the Colorado Rockies (Pike's Peak was named for him) and on into Spanish

territory in New Mexico, where the Spanish suspected him of spying but treated him with great politeness.

Bern Keating tells of Pike's adventures in *Zebulon Pike* (Putnam, \$3.50), and I was fascinated by this Army officer and explorer who did everything wrong but for whom things usually turned out right.

Lee (Little, Brown, \$12.50) is a one-volume biography of Confederate General Robert E. Lee in which historian-novelist Clifford Dowdey presents new material uncovered in the last 25 years.

Dowdey calls his book a "less comprehensive, less military, less detailed" history than Douglas Southall Freeman's well-known *R. E. Lee*. Still, he has written an interesting account of the childhood, manhood, and twilight years of the man who "was essentially a peacemaker" but became a tragic national military figure. It shows the "eternal relevance" of the man to the American heritage.

Dowdey believes Lee's finest hour came not on any battlefield but on the campus of Washington College (later Washington and Lee University), which he served as president until his death. Symbol of a defeated Confederacy, he advocated restoration of the republic with the past forgotten and set an example with his progressive program in education. Thus, in the postwar "age of hate," Lee the educator exercised a powerful influence for good.

If you were to look over our shoulders at manuscripts coming into TOGETHER's offices, you would decide that the 23rd Psalm is the most beloved passage in the Bible. And Wichita, Kans., Methodist minister Ronald R. Meredith would tell you that it is the one passage of Scripture pastors are most often asked to read in homes where sorrow has struck.

The reason this little shepherd's song has lived through the centuries, he believes, is because it offers answers to the basic questions in the minds of men of every age—it tells us what God is really like, it assures us that he cares for us, and it promises: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

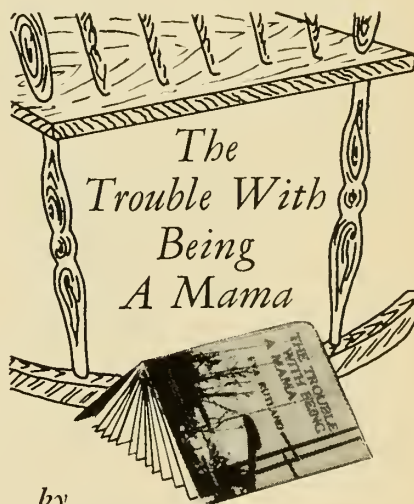
The Twenty-Third Psalm (Abingdon, \$1.50), a short meditation by Dr. Meredith, tucks handily into purse or pocket.

In *Love Abounds* (The Upper Room, \$1), Asbury Smith and J. Manning Potts give us a profile of Harry Denman, for 25 years general secretary of the General Board of Evangelism of The Methodist Church. It is in-



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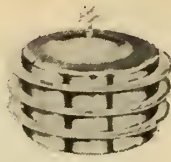
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formal and makes no attempt to be objective; and it is for these reasons, I think, that it catches the warmth and devotion to Christ people feel when they meet Dr. Denman.

Many people have met him. In fact, he probably knows more people, loves more people, prays for more people, and is prayed for by more people around the world than any man in America. And his friendships continue to widen now that he is free from the administrative responsibilities of the Board of Evangelism. When he retired in March, 1965, he wrote: "I retire today and begin a new life tomorrow. In this new life, I will be a layman trying to help churches and persons in their evangelistic work."

Harlem, that part of New York City which was the scene of a riot in 1964, is both mecca and ghetto. To many a Negro in the South, it represents the ultimate in living; to many of the Negroes living there, it is a jungle.

What is it really like? We get different pictures from Langston Hughes and Claude Brown. Hughes' fictional Jesse B. Semple, known as Simple in *Simple's Uncle Sam* (Hill and Wang, \$3.95), and Brown, telling his own story of his early years in *Manchild in the Promised Land* (Macmillan, \$5.95), talk about the same things—crowded, inadequate housing, high prices for poor quality, white-owned stores, drug addicts, white people—but their attitudes are as different as if they inhabited different planets.

Simple, though fictional, is more real to the reader. His humorous observations on the world in which he finds himself have a wry wisdom that tells you he is his own man regardless of restrictions or inequality.

Brown tells his story in such a kaleidoscopic shower of episodes that you never are sure just what happened or how he changed from a frequent inmate of reform school to the educated, talented man he now is. He gives us only the seamy side, and without straining out any of the ugliness. Consequently, his is a shocking, unpleasant book.

This does not mean you should ignore Brown; books like his broaden our experience and, hopefully, our understanding. But Hughes, speaking through Simple, gives us people who can draw our admiration and to whom we can relate.

Our limitless opportunities to be active as Christians are set forth in a helpful booklet by Howard Grimes titled *Realms of Our Calling* (Friendship Press, 75¢).

Being a Christian, he says, is not to be confined to activities of the church; it may be expressed, also, in non-church groups. Moreover, each lay-

man's calling is also in his daily work, whether it be practicing a profession, running a business, or running a home.

This booklet, which can help you take a new and more creative role as a Christian, is one of four study booklets on the 1965-66 interdenominational mission study theme: *Mission: The Christian's Calling*. Other booklets in the package are *The Word With Power*, by Suzanne de Dietrich, which centers Bible study on the nature of the mission of the people of God; *Babylon by Choice*, in which Martin E. Marty sketches the worldwide environment in which the 20th-century mission is set; and *Mission as Decision*, by Bernard C. Ikeler and Stanley J. Rowland, Jr., which gives us case studies of Christian laymen in mission as they live their daily lives. Individual booklets are 75¢. The package of four is \$2.75.

If you enjoyed *Ring of Bright Water* as I did, you will welcome another book by Gavin Maxwell. In *The House of Elrig* (Dutton, \$5.95), he tells of his childhood and adolescence in a lonely, windswept house on the Scottish moors. It explains his love of wild country and living creatures.

Founded during California's gold-rush days, Gump's of San Francisco is more than a store. It has weathered earthquake and fire, depression and the winds of change, molding the city's artistic taste and becoming the source to which American museums and private collectors look for Asian art.

Carol Green Wilson tells the story of Gump's and the extraordinary men who made it in *Gump's Treasure Trade* (Crowell, \$8.95). It is a story of courage, integrity, and imagination, interlaced with the history of a city and the search for ancient art in the mysterious lands of the Orient.

In a world that must seem pretty outsize to them, small children have a decided preference for small things. Thus, a little book measuring just over 3 by 4 inches is the right size for them, and they have given it an enthusiastic reception.

It is *A Book of Good Tidings From the Bible* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$1.95), and it contains such favorite Bible verses as "God is love," and "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Joan Walsh Anglund has illustrated them with bright watercolors or gently witty line drawings showing young children having picnics, gathering apples, and doing other pleasant things.

I am not a great admirer of books of quotation, or of taking quotations out of context. But this bright little book should help you talk about God to your smaller fry. —BARNABAS



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

A LITERARY critic commented recently that we are quite unrealistic when we assume that every novel ought to be a great one. He says reviewers often damn books with faint praise by saying that, while it is a good effort, it is far from great. Why should we assume, he asks, that in this field any more than any other we have a right to expect greatness at every turn?

It must be confessed that we do not make this same judgment in other fields. Other professions are not expected to strike 12 on every occasion, and we are usually satisfied if they maintain a fairly high average.

I think of it in terms of my own work. The laymen I know best seem to expect good preaching but not necessarily great preaching every Sunday. About all we can ask of a preacher who maintains an above-average level is that he rise to the heights a few times a year.

The writer is also a workman but not necessarily a genius. Let us be content with a good, solid, workman-like job and not act as if we have been cheated because the book is not a masterpiece. Perhaps we have been guilty of a double standard, and perhaps men who make a living from writing have a legitimate complaint. When we find a great book, let us shout to the heavens; but when we find a good one, let us be grateful.

THE MUSES OF RUIN by William Pearson (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95) is a story about a city in my area: Las Vegas, Nev., known around the world as a center of gambling. It is really two cities. There is the Las Vegas of the Strip and the gambling casinos, and there is the Las Vegas of the churches and the ordinary business life. It stands as a symbol of the problems and responsibilities of church people everywhere.

William Pearson wrote a book I liked very much called *This Company of Men*. I turned to his new book with some anticipation. It did not bring me the pleasure which came to me unexpectedly from the other book, probably because I was expecting too much. It is a well-written story of a

compulsive gambler who is trapped and destroyed in Las Vegas.

More is being said about this problem than formerly. TOGETHER had an article some time ago about what some of our Methodist preachers are doing in Las Vegas. [See *Assault on a Moral Vacuum*, August, 1965, page 21.] Gambling is apparently like a drug: a person can become addicted to it.

The man in Pearson's new book began by winning and leaving, but he came back. Finally, he sinks to the lowest level and becomes a shill, receiving just enough money to keep body and soul together. He always hopes for a sure-fire winning system and that somewhere ahead is a big win—if he can just get a stake. His best friend and his sister try in vain to rescue him. It is a story of hopelessness and despair.

In spite of the fact that Nevada recognizes gambling as legitimate, there is something about it which attracts undesirable elements. The result is not a very pretty picture, and I wonder what ultimate future there is for a city and a society built on this sand. There is something evil in trying to get something for nothing whether it be on the Strip in Las Vegas or in a bingo party at a church. No matter how we try to romanticize it, gambling is wrong.

The general impression is that just about everything that can be said concerning the Nazis and the Jews has been said. Yet, Meyer Levin's **THE STRONGHOLD** (Simon & Schuster, \$5.95) shows that this is one of those universal themes which can never be exhausted.

The stronghold is an ancient castle, with moat and drawbridge, which the Nazis use as a prison for political hostages. The time is the last days of World War II, with the Americans practically knocking at the gate. In the castle are former leaders of an occupied country, including cabinet members, an army marshal, bankers, a priest, and the mistress of one of the deposed premiers.

On practically the last day, there arrives the infamous Kraus who has been the executor of Hitler's "final

solution"—the annihilation of the Jewish people. He brings with him Vered, a Jew, former prime minister of the occupied country, and hero of his people. Kraus takes command and plots to use these prisoners as bargaining tools for his own safety. Finally, however, the baron (owner of the castle) takes over with the help of his prisoners and expels Kraus.

This book is a very careful analysis of the Jewish question and its relationship to the Nazis. Levin tries to give us a deeper and more penetrating light on the subject as he explores the relationship between Vered's fellow cabinet members and the old man who has been through so much suffering. Each reacts according to his character, with some willing to sacrifice the Jew again and others horrified that so little has been learned from the Nazi horror. The author sometimes comes close, but in my judgment he gives no final clue to explain the Nazi attitude toward the Jew. I suspect strongly that there is no such clue.

My objection to the book is its excessive emphasis on the sex experiences of the Nazi, Kraus. It seems as if this is just thrown in to appeal to certain readers. To me, it is an intrusion into an otherwise serious search for deeper meanings.

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR by Frederiek Ayer, Jr. (Regnery, \$4.50) started out as if it were going to be a first-rate mystery thriller. It went along pretty well for a while and then suddenly became thoroughly and completely second-rate. It has to do with the kidnapping of a State Department employee and the training of a former Nazi to take his place and sell out the nation to the Communists. The plot is artificial and contrived.

As I pointed out at the beginning, we ought not to expect great books at every turn but when they go below a certain level, we have a legitimate reason to complain. You can do better than this one and aren't you glad that I wasted my time so that you would not have to waste yours?

P.S.—I have just finished reading a great novel which I will tell you about next time. □

For Lent and Easter...

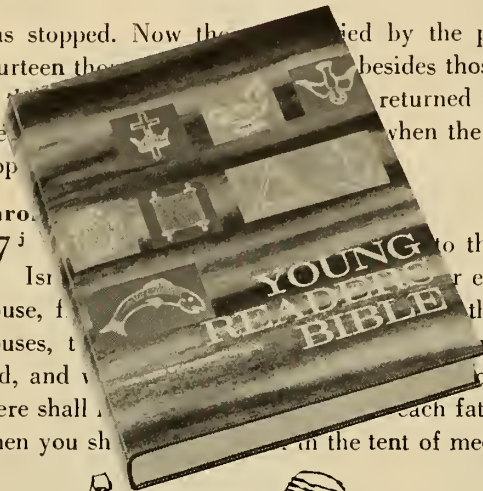
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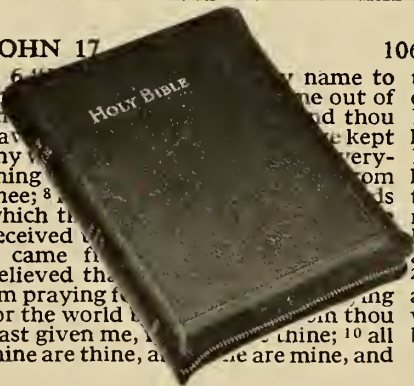
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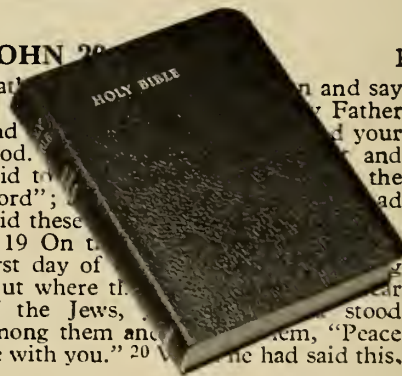
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thee; 8 . . . hast given
which t . . . the found
received . . . righteous l
I came f . . . known the
believed th . . . and these k
am praying f . . . 20 I made
for the world . . . and I will n
hast given me, . . . with which
mine are thine, a . . . mine; 10 all
mine are mine, and



JOHN 20

110

Fath . . . and say
to . . . Father
and . . . and your
God. . . and
said t . . . the
Lord"; . . . ad
said these . . .
19 On t . . .
first day of . . .
shut where th . . .
of the Jews, . . . stood
among them and . . . "Peace
be with you." 20 . . . he had said this. 4 Just a



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At 81, Dr. Farley cannot give up teaching—or serving his church, which proves that . . .

He's Not the Retiring Kind

WHEN they reach 65, many people retire with a sigh of relief. A few rare individuals never tire—of giving themselves selflessly to their church and to life. Dr. Fred L. Farley, now 81, is the untiring kind.

A beloved and respected member of the Church of the Wayfarer (Methodist) in Carmel, Calif., his dynamic figure, with its bush of white hair and neatly clipped moustache, is seen around the building almost as often as that of the pastor.

Even after retiring as head of the classical languages department at Methodist-related University of the Pacific, Dr. Farley could not give up teaching. He is still bringing classical Greek alive for eager students in weekly classes in the church's Wesley room.

Dr. Farley started his first class at the church in 1956, a year after retiring from 48 years of college teaching. Today, four of these first students—a housewife, an author, a minister, and a mail carrier—continue their studies under his direction. They are now reading the *Iliad*, after having finished a portion of Plato's *Dialogues*, and the major part of the Acts of the Apostles in the original Greek. A deaf woman, who studies by lip-reading, is just finishing her fifth

Several of Dr. Farley's students, who have moved away, enjoy the privilege of studying by mail.



As the blackboard behind him fills with Greek words and phrases, Dr. Farley explains an intricacy of syntax to Martie Quarles, a letter carrier, who hopes to enter the ministry.

Greek tragedy. It is not unusual for those who have moved away from Carmel to send him exercises by mail for correction.

Dr. Farley, a voracious reader himself, also leads a play-reading group, which meets in the church. With his wife, a retired English teacher, and several former professional actors as mentors, the group has read and studied some of Shakespeare's plays as well as various English and American dramas. Not surprisingly, several plays which have been performed in the church sanctuary were written by Dr. Farley himself—including one entirely in verse.

Although he often speaks to book clubs and other groups on Greek culture and literature, and to church groups on biblical interpretation, his major commitment of time is to his own church.



"Dr. Farley is most progressive in his thinking," says his pastor, the Rev. Lawrence K. Whitfield. "He takes every opportunity to interpret the Methodist social position in these trying days. There's no one in this church unfamiliar with the way he feels about serious matters."

His influence also is felt in other ways, says Mr. Whitfield. As chairman of the local commission on worship, Dr. Farley was instrumental in the church's adopting a new liturgical order of worship. He has participated in and urged attendance at the church's intercessory prayer sessions. And because of his knowledge of Greek, Dr. Farley's contributions to the Tuesday morning Bible-study group are invaluable.

"Quite often Dr. Farley is able to give us some shade of meaning of which we ourselves would have been unaware," Pastor Whitfield points out.

Recently, Dr. Farley and his commission proposed restoration to the church's Bible garden of a large mosaic cross they discovered hidden away in the church attic. "His is one commission," remarked Mr. Whitfield, "that glories in tasks to do."

If you have retired with a sigh of relief, beware attending the Church of the Wayfarer. You just might be infected with the youthful enthusiasm and drive of the unflagging Dr. Farley.

—RUTH SMITH BARON

Together with the SMALL FRY

The Jingle-Berry Bush

There's a jingle-berry bush down in the jungle,
And the elphaboolas tramp
Through the jungle-juicy damp
Round the jingle-berry bush there in the jungle.

All the tigerolas, too,
Come to stamp and stumble through
The damp and leafy darkness of the jungle.

There's a thin and tanny track
Down the tigerola's back
From the tangled briar branches of the jungle.

All the elphaboolas' faces
Are scratched in many places,
As they travel through the tangle of the jungle.

In the lone and leafy dark,
Just to rub against the bark
Of the jingle-berry bush there in the jungle
The jingle-berry bush down in the jungle!

—QUEENA DAVISON MILLER

My Friend Mrs. Pringle

By ALAN CUBURN

WHEN I have a problem, I tell it to Mrs. Pringle, who lives next door, and she always makes me feel better right away.

I love Mrs. Pringle. She must love me, too, because she always seems glad to see me.

Mrs. Pringle even likes to play with me after school. I don't have a brother or sister, so her company means a lot. I used to play with Mrs. Pringle's children, but now they've grown big and gone away. Maybe that's why Mrs. Pringle enjoys playing with me, because she's lonely sometimes, too.

My mother likes Mrs. Pringle. They don't see each other often, though. Mother is usually busy, and so is my father. Mother says Mrs. Pringle was living next door even before I was born. I guess she's pretty old.

Dad doesn't like Mrs. Pringle very much. He thinks I should spend more time with boys and girls. I do, but I still see her almost every day.

I remember the first time I met Mrs. Pringle. I was very little and was playing in the backyard. She was sitting in

her backyard, too—under a tree—but she came right over. I knew right from the start that we would be good friends.

Mrs. Pringle helps me at school, but she doesn't know about that yet.

Last week Miss Forbes, my teacher, said to write about someone we like to be with. Of course, I wrote about Mrs. Pringle. Miss Forbes said my paper had very good feeling, and she gave me an A.

I was the only student in the class who wrote about a neighbor. Everyone else wrote about grandmothers or uncles or policemen or teachers. Billy Davis said he liked being with his dentist, which was unusual, but he got only a B.

Sometimes, on warm summer nights, Mrs. Pringle and I sit on the porch and look up at the millions of stars in the sky. I show her the Big Dipper and the other figures made up of stars. I learned about them in school. I suppose Mrs. Pringle knows about the Milky Way and all that, but she listens while I tell her. That's another reason

I like her so much. She really listens to what I say.

Mother and Dad don't have the time to listen like Mrs. Pringle does. I drew pictures of my parents when I was in first grade. They said, "very nice." Then they had something else to do. When I drew a picture of Mrs. Pringle, she looked and looked at it. I felt like a famous artist.

My friends don't understand Mrs. Pringle. One day we went for a walk in the park. I wanted to play with my friends from school, but Mrs. Pringle just wanted to sit down under a tree. Billy Davis told the others that Mrs. Pringle was my babysitter and I couldn't go anywhere without her. Of course it was a joke. I go lots of places without Mrs. Pringle. I think Billy hurt her feelings, though, because she went home.

But I don't care what other people say. I love Mrs. Pringle. She will always be my friend. My very good friend.

Don't you wish you had a nice cat next door like Mrs. Pringle? □

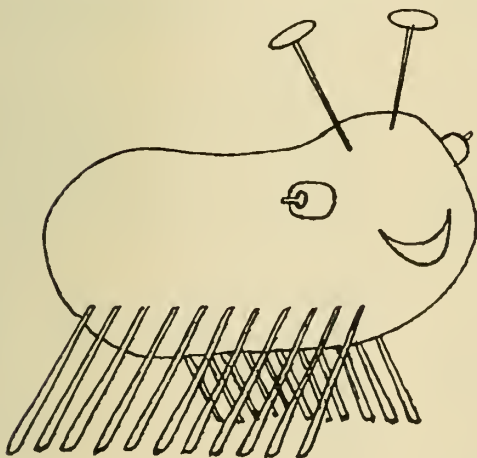
POTATO BUG

A bug (for fun) is made from one
Potato—big or no.

His wooden legs are toothpick pegs—
Eleven to a row.

Each feeler, thin, is just a pin—
And with an eye or two
(A pair of snaps or beads, perhaps),
Your bug will look at you.

—IDA M. PARDUE





Letters

A Revision of Opinion

DONALD B. STROBE, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Grand Rapids, Mich.

As one of the most vocal critics of the "slick-paper Christianity" which TOGETHER heretofore has embodied, I must confess with great delight that I am going to have to revise my opinions (prejudices?) in regard to the magazine, if you keep on printing such excellent material as the pictorial essay *Where Is Christ Today?* [December, 1965, page 35].

What a wonderful way to remind people of the contemporary significance of the Incarnation! Too often we get teary eyed and sentimental about the Baby who was crowded out of the inn and into the stable back there in Bethlehem, while at the same time we are busily crowding Him out of the world in which we live. Too often we become so preoccupied with the Babe in the manger that we forget that he grew up . . . and said some very uncomfortable things and got himself so involved in the world that his enemies plotted to get rid of this troublemaker.

Congratulations on the effective way in which you have reminded us that Christ is still involved in our world.

Together 'Out of Order'

D. E. RUYLE
Alton, Ill.

After reading *Dissent: A Catalyst for Conscience* [January, page 15], I frankly think TOGETHER is completely out of order when its editors start deciding foreign policy or advocating that it is all right to stage protest marches concerning this foreign policy.

Editorials like yours give me serious doubts as to whether I should continue to belong to The Methodist Church. Too many people are beginning to talk about patriotism as though it were something to be shied away from. Too many of our young people no longer have the patriotic spirit nor do they have any respect for our flag; and this is only encouraged by people like you.

I am also disappointed that the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns should become involved in any way as to policy in protest demonstrations. [See *Uphold Right to Protest*, January, page

9]. It seems to me that any church, ours or any other, should concern itself with the teachings of Christ and let those who decide foreign policy do so without interference. If Secretary of State Rusk decided to interfere with the workings of our religious institutions, it would not be acceptable. But I think he would have as much right to do so as you have to interfere in foreign policy.

Hurrah for Dissent!

ROBERT H. HAMILL, *Dean*
Marsh Chapel, Boston University
Boston, Mass.

The January issue is particularly good. Hurrah for your editorial, *Dissent: A Catalyst for Conscience!* We will need more of this from now on. Also for *Foreign Aid's Quiet Success* [page 62] and *Taking the Church to the Factory* [page 22] on the Detroit Industrial Mission. Wonderful!

Genuine Dialogue Needed

ALBION ROY KING
Department of Philosophy
Cornell College
Mount Vernon, Iowa

I would like to add a note to Tom Price's *Abstinence . . . With Temperance* [December, 1965, page 17]. I will support his contention that we should throw away our fear of groups outside the church which have avoided the abstinence-moderation debate. But we should cultivate alertness toward these groups.

I have read a great deal of their literature. Few of the writers are skilled in avoiding controversy, so they do what is more devastating than making a direct argument for moderation. Instead, they presuppose it and tacitly confirm it, always without analysis of the concept.

Nothing is more perilous right now than the popular notion that moderate drinking is morally acceptable and that, except for a few deviates, everyone does drink moderately.

A genuine dialogue between drinkers and abstainers would be a great advance if it could be done on friendly basis which would lead to examination of the concept of moderation and the difficulties of maintaining such a program in the present culture. An agreement to silence? No!

Preoccupied With Our Image?

MRS. JACK OWENS, *Chairman*
Commission on Christian Social
Concerns
Alderstate Methodist Church
Arlington, Texas

Isn't it just like that Board of Christian Social Concerns to offer that article *Abstinence . . . With Temperance*, through the Methodist family magazine at a time when local churches are trying to stress abstinence? If the board were less preoccupied with the opinions that other churches may have of our church, we might realize more of our goals.

An Ecumenical Contribution

FRANKLIN P. FRYE, *Ret. Minister*
Bedford, N.H.

Tom Price's *Abstinence . . . With Moderation* stated well much with which I agree. But his presentation of the real and relevant reasons for Christian total abstinence was accompanied by the suggestion that this position be less emphasized.

Methodism's historic witness for total abstinence as the best stewardship of life is one of the finest contributions we can make to ecumenical Christianity. Co-operation in fighting alcoholism is important, but it must never be at the expense of soft-pedaling our conviction or lessening the vigor of our fight against all the evils of alcohol and the social custom which blinds so many fine people to social responsibility in this regard.

At a time when enthusiastic and intelligent presentation of total abstinence seems to have decreasing Methodist expression, I was heartened recently to hear excellent appeals for this position by two Roman Catholic priests on two programs of a Boston television station.

Thanks for Sermon Illustration

KENNETH W. GOODELL, *Pastor*
The Methodist Church
Ashland, Ill.

I am thankful that you printed the letter signed by Angus MacDonald and Foster Fergman in its entirety. [See *Letters*, January, page 68.] It will provide a good illustration for a future sermon.

To Each His Own

NEVITT B. SMITH, *Pastor*
Tigard Methodist Church
Tigard, Oreg.

Never let it be said that I like everything in every issue of TOGETHER. But if I had nothing better (or worse) to complain about than some art work which didn't tickle my fancy, I'd keep quiet.

Has it ever failed? If TOGETHER prints any art not of the Warner Sallman school, the protests roll in. *Letters* in

the January issue [pages 68 and 69], complaining about the Fitz-Gerald sculpture, *The Ten Commandments* [November, 1965, page 55], are a case in point. One reader found the work "grotesque and depressing," but no one asked her to frame these pictures for her living room. Why do so many people expect everyone's artistic taste to echo their own?

And the reader who saw pornography in this same work really takes the cake. "Imagination can do the rest," he says. He must have the dirtiest imagination going.

De gustibus non est disputandum.
(Or words to that effect.)

Everyone to his own translation, of course, but we like Jeremy Taylor's rendering of that Latin proverb: "There can be no disputing about tastes."—EDS.

In the Beholder's Eye?

MRS. WILLIAM L. DILLER
Baltimore, Md.

Claude F. Wright wrote to protest "pornography" in your November, 1965, issue, and implied that anyone with imagination would gloat over Clark B. Fitz-Gerald's depiction of "Neither shall you commit adultery."

I consider myself normally imaginative, receptive to creative ideas, and I find no lewdness. Perhaps if beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so is much pornography. There has never been an issue of *TOGETHER* that my children were kept from seeing. I have used the art in church school at the kindergarten level and in Woman's Society programs.

Thank you for your questioning editorials and your dissenting opinions. May *TOGETHER* never totally conform or be only an official mouthpiece.

Art or Propaganda?

DAVID V. LEONARD
Trivoli, Ill.

The first thing I usually read when I receive a new issue of *TOGETHER* is the humor section: *Letters*. I was not disappointed by the January issue. Of particular interest were some readers' comments regarding Clark B. Fitz-Gerald's *The Ten Commandments*.

I agree that this sculpture may not reflect "official" opinion. If it did, it would no longer be art but propaganda. No work of art can reflect an "official opinion" and still be art, unless this "opinion" is also that of the artist. That is why there is very little really good church art. The artist's work has to be approved by a committee or, worse, by a general consensus of church members. My own opinion is that *The Ten Commandments* is good art. After all, it's biblical.

As to the charge of pornography, well it was Moses who gave us the

Seventh Commandment, not Mr. Fitz-Gerald. Nor should we blame the artist for what our own imaginations are capable of.

Oldest Edifice, Not Congregation

FREDERICK E. MASER, *Pastor*
St. George's Methodist Church
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please express my sincere thanks to Barnabas for the review of my booklet *The Dramatic Story of Early American Methodism* [January, page 56]. However, may I hasten to make one slight correction? Barnabas refers to Old St.

George's as our oldest Methodist congregation. As a matter of fact, John Street congregation in New York is older than ours and is still in existence.

What Old St. George's does claim is the possession of the world's oldest Methodist church edifice in continuous service. The original John Street building was torn down; ours is still standing.

He's Miss Burt's Opposite

DUANE H. McEWEN
Juneau, Alaska

Thank you very much for the wonderfully inspiring article, *King-Size*

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Queen [December, 1965, page 54]. I read it over many times, and it really hit home. You see, I am Miss Burt's complete opposite. I am a man, 24 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall, and look young enough to be commonly mistaken for a high-school student.

I admire Miss Burt's courage and her ability to see the light side of a trying situation. For my own part, the cruel remarks, the memories of always being left out because I was "too young," and having my ability judged by my looks have left a bitterness that is difficult to overcome.

Indebted to Miss Burt

G. G. CAMPBELL
Borger, Texas

All of us who, in childhood or adolescence, were painfully self-conscious should be indebted to Orene Burt and to TOGETHER for publishing her marvelously humorous memoirs in *King-Size Queen*. Here is a uniquely expressed example to all of us, to make the most of what God has given us.

Reading this article, I could not help thinking of Charlie Brown and the rest of the *Peanuts* gang. Orene's rhetorically posed question, "Who else could I hit?" brings to mind the arrogant Lucy's doubled-fist diplomacy as a normal way of life. Similarly, Charlie Brown's sister, Sally (forced to wear an eye patch to help clear up an affliction designated in layman's terms as "lazy eye"), has her feelings hurt when a schoolmate jeers that she looks like Long John Silver. But she also has her hand hurt on account of slugging the abusive schoolmate in retaliation.

Sometimes we wonder what keeps Charlie Brown from being crushed by the endless cruelties he endures from his acquaintances. But every once in a while, thank God, his faith in mankind is restored by someone's redeeming, simple act of love.

Poor Use of Scripture

RUSSELL E. OWEN, Pastor
First Methodist Church
Cleveland, Okla.

Never have I read a TOGETHER article with such poor exegesis of Scripture and so out of touch with the traditional Methodist approach to Scripture as *The Bible: Window to Modern Science* [December, 1965, page 18].

An example of its poor exegesis is its opening use of a verse from Genesis. It lifts this passage completely out of context and uses it in a way that was never intended. The story of the tower of Babel is not a story of man's first attempt to explore space. It is a story of man's utter rebellion against God and his attempts to storm heaven and usurp God's authority and power. This particular verse reflects a primitive understanding of God as Israel interprets

his reasons for blocking man's attempted rebellion.

The author approaches the Scripture in a fundamentalistic way that never has been a part of our Methodist heritage. He treats the Bible as a catalog of soothsayings that predict future events. One is then left to seek and interpret "hidden" symbols that talk about modern scientific discoveries.

The Bible is the collected witnesses of men to God's redemptive activity and men's faltering response of faith. Prophecy is not primarily the predicting of future events but the speaking forth for God. A prophet is God's spokesman. He spoke of future events only in relation to God's impending judgment upon Israel's continuing rebellion.

'Members' Not 'Delegates'

JAMES D. NIXON, Pastor
Grosse Pointe Methodist Church
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Your November, 1965, issue contains a news item, *Five Amendments Ratified*, [page 6] which refers to the number of "lay delegates" a pastoral charge may elect. I urgently suggest that you correct the improper perpetuation of the term "lay delegate" with reference to lay participation in annual conferences. The term "delegate" applies to General and Jurisdictional conferences only. "Lay member" is the correct term your writer should have used.

This is a larger problem than words. It includes the full acceptance, responsibility, and recognition of lay membership in every annual conference. At Jurisdictional and General conference levels, both laity and clergy are delegates. At annual conferences there are only clergy and lay members.

'A Lovely Choice'

JANE L. MARTIN
Waynesboro, Pa.

My sincere thanks for your choice of an unusual Christmas cover. This disturbing painting of Van Gogh's long has been a favorite of mine. Some readers would wish for a more conventional picture, but to me this was a lovely choice.

'Feeling of Apprehension'

MRS. ETHEL T. WIMMER
Alexandria, Ind.

You asked how your readers felt about the cover picture for December, 1965—Vincent van Gogh's *The Starry Night*.

This reader does not like it, especially on my church magazine. It looks like approaching destruction and gives me a feeling of apprehension. A lot of your Indiana readers would agree with me. Indiana has suffered too much from swirling winds in the last year. No one who has ever heard the roar of a tor-

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nado pass over his house like a speeding express train in the dead of night is ever likely to forget it—or to enjoy a picture, however artistic, which suggests such a terrifying experience.

A 'Very Different' Cover

ALICE M. MEGARGLE
Cresco, Pa.

I must say that your December, 1965, cover is so very different. I rather like the way you have made it up.

I think the color photography in *Fall to Winter* [December, 1965, page 76] is just beautiful. It makes me feel I am standing on the lake shore, viewing this lovely scene with my own eyes. Please keep up the good work on your photography and your fine articles.

'A Cause for Shouting'

KENDALL K. McCABE, Pastor
Smith Island
Ewell, Md.

I was surprised at Bishop Nall's answer to the question regarding ushers' boutonnieres for Communion. [See *Your Faith and Your Church*, December, 1965, page 53.] Not that I care whether or not ushers wear them, but the bishop's elaboration on the general theme of the Lord's Supper is what surprises me.

Bishop Nall gives no evidence of having any familiarity with any of the liturgical studies which have been a part of the contemporary life of the church, or even with Charles Wesley's hymns concerning the Eucharist.

"Lift up your hearts!" is a festive exclamation and has always been intended as such. Our fellowship is a real one with the Risen Lord. We are not laying a wreath on the tomb of a dead Jesus, as someone has described the conventional quarterly obligation. Further, we do not memorialize the Last Supper, as the bishop expresses it; we celebrate the act of God in Jesus Christ, the whole act, and we anticipate the heavenly banquet. If there ever was cause for "old-fashioned Methodist shouting," it is when the minister exhorts the congregation, "Let us give thanks unto the Lord."

I also have problems with an equation of ushers' boutonnieres and clerical stoles, but you probably will get other letters about that.

Not His View

ANDREW C. SIMONSON, Pastor
St. Stephen's Methodist Church
Philadelphia, Pa.

Bishop Nall's comments concerning ministerial vestments, I would like to say, are not my view. The ministry of the church, in its Catholic expression which we inherit through John Wesley, has worn stoles as the symbol of the yoke of Christ and the authority to

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Methodism lately has rediscovered our older sacramental character which was almost lost in the tidal wave of American revivalism. I am not convinced that simplicity necessarily leads to the beauty of holiness, as Bishop Nall says. As I note God's directions to the Aaronic priests and the character of worship in St. John's Revelation, I see not simplicity nor extraneous decoration but a use of all the senses of man in the worship of God. This includes sight.

We ought never to reach our liturgical position for any other reason than theological, or we run the danger of only "prettying things up." The Holy Communion in its historical context is a festival. Presented with the overwhelming power of the person of Jesus Christ, dying with him, and partaking of his living presence, shall we not rejoice? Can we do anything else?

It seems apparent to me, then, that from the very nature of this holy service, as well as the valid historic tradition of our church, that we ought to offer our Lord the best, the most beautiful, the most glorious worship we can. We should garb ourselves for the glory of God, not with the Calvinistic somberness of academic robe but with the brilliant joy of surplice and stole.

'Articulate, Stimulating'

STUART L. BAKER, *Pastor*
Fair Haven Methodist Parish
New Haven, Conn.

Christian Responsibility in the Political Order [December, 1965, page 45] by Congressman Brademas was articulate and stimulating. His discussion of justice, and the way he related it to Christian love on the one hand and the political world on the other, was especially good.

Mr. Brademas knows both his job and his faith and understands clearly how to relate the two in a relevant, practical manner without sacrificing either. May we have more articles from dedicated and capable laymen who are involved deeply in political, economic, and other secular forms of decision-making?

Embarrassed Reader Reports

MRS. JAMES McQUAID
Garland, Texas

I am embarrassed to find that *TOGETHER* (a magazine I have recommended to Methodist families) accepted an article so inadequately researched as *The Man Who Invented Sunday School*.

Mr. Raikes did not "invent" the Sunday school; he borrowed it and employed it not as a means of Christianizing "sub-humans" (his name for them). He was concerned with keeping

children off the streets on Sunday and keeping them so occupied that they would not become drunk on Sunday. He and his friends who owned factories employing the children found that they could not expect maximum labor on Monday from children who suffered hangovers.

Miss Hannah Ball, a convert under Wesley's preaching, started her classes 14 years before Raikes, first in her home, later in the chapel she built at High Wycombe. The Sunday school is still functioning there.

Reader McQuaid is author of Miss Hannah Ball: A Lady of High Wycombe (Vantage Press, \$3.75).—Eds.

Another Was First

L. WAYNE DUNLAP, *Pastor*
Pawling Methodist Church
Pawling, N.Y.

In your December *Methodists in the News* [page 16], you say the Rev. R. J. Watkins is believed "the first Negro Methodist minister in the New York Conference to serve a white congregation."

I have been glad to welcome Mr. Watkins as a neighboring pastor, but I want to set the record straight. Another equally fine Negro pastor was a close associate and friend of mine in the years 1958-1961, when he served the churches of Modena and Clintondale. He is the Rev. George T. Johnson, now pastor at the Memorial Church of our Saviour in Yonkers. His unusual pastorate was purposely not given publicity at the time so that Mr. Johnson could serve without notoriety as any minister would.

Readers Responded

A. COTTO-THORNER, *Pastor*
South Third Street Methodist Church
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We are grateful for the splendid presentation you did on our work in the November, 1965, issue of *TOGETHER*. [See *Thanksgiving for the Homeless*, page 34, and *This Church Cares!* page 39.]

The response of your readers has been tremendous! We have received letters from people near and far who are interested in this type of city work. I am sure that the Lord has greater things for us because you have made our work so well known to your praying readers.

Why Do People Give?

SANDRA LaRUE
Aztec, N.Mex.

I appreciated immensely the article *Is Your Goodness Gracious?* by Elizabeth Bennett [December, 1965, page 26]. This story shows that people usually do not give a person help from the heart, but more to get the thanks of the person being helped.



Wesley Aid boxes bound for faraway mission stations change hands on a San Diego dock.

AMBASSADORS IN UNIFORM

SINCE 1957, First Methodist Church of San Diego, Calif., has kept in touch with missionaries all over the world through a corps of Wesley Aid "ambassadors" who volunteer for service above and beyond the call of military duty. Commissioned by the church to "speak words of friendship, to offer all the interest and encouragement that you can," the young men in uniform visit Methodist or other Protestant mission stations in distant ports, and report back on their needs. As a result, the church constantly ships out hymnals, clothing, heaters, Bibles, filmstrips, and literature. Briefed on the location and nature of the mission stations ahead of time, the "ambassadors" usually have little trouble arranging visits. The project was undertaken at the suggestion of a young serviceman, Bill Presnell, upon his return from duty overseas eight years ago. □

Two young men receive commissions as envoys to overseas missions.



An artist searches on canvas for...

THE MEANING of LIFE

"**E**VERYONE of us is in these paintings," says Alexander Nepote of the big, powerful canvases he turns out in the basement studio of his home in Millbrae, Calif. His dramatic symbolic landscapes suggest various aspects of the human predicament in a style he calls semiabstract. It does not take an art critic to recognize the snow, rocks, water, and mysterious distances in his pictures—they reflect his love of the Sierras and the Pacific shore. But the viewer's imagination has room to roam and react, to ponder the mysterious depths found in his paintings as in life. Thus the beholder, too, is an essential part of the artistic process.

Mr. Nepote's paintings may be seen in major museums and have been part of numerous traveling exhibitions. They also have hung in Millbrae's Community Methodist Church, where the Nepotes and their teen-age son and daughter are active. During one two-month period when his canvases lined the walls of the auditorium, churchgoers learned to tolerate, then to love them.

To the Nepotes, art is a vital part of all existence. Thus, a worship service or the living arrangement of a home, the creation of a meal or the way of doing a job may be as meaningful a work of art as a painting or a piece of sculpture. In witness to this, Hanne-Lore Nepote, who met her husband while she was a student in one of his art classes, has made their home, and the products of her kitchen, artistic achievements.

Alexander Nepote, a professor of art at San Francisco State College, never tries to copy nature or to use his brush for a camera. Instead he searches beyond the obvious for hidden realities.

—HELEN JOHNSON



Alexander Nepote uses many techniques, including gluing layers of paper on canvas, adding color, sometimes tearing the paper into different shapes (above). Do travelers on his Bridges (right) go from the cemetery to the distance—or do they come from the vastness to the cemetery? The artist believes the answer is up to the individual. Late Thaw (below, left) is just what its title suggests. On the Edge of the Ledge (below, right) is decorative, yet its shadowy background hints of deeper meaning to be found by a viewer.







IN A COUNTRY PARISH, A UNIFYING FORCE

In similar country—remote, all but isolated—is Ripley County Larger Parish, covering most of two Missouri counties. It is sparsely settled by people earning far less than the federal government considers minimum. The people, however, are bound into a strong, common unit. Out of the church budgets TOGETHER is sent to all member families. Reverend Carl Hickman, who calls himself a country “hillbilly” preacher, says “TOGETHER is a unifying devotional force, bringing the parish together. If achievements have been made in the parish, we have to give TOGETHER a major share of the credit.”

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